Saturday Review

AUGUST 20, 1960 / 25¢

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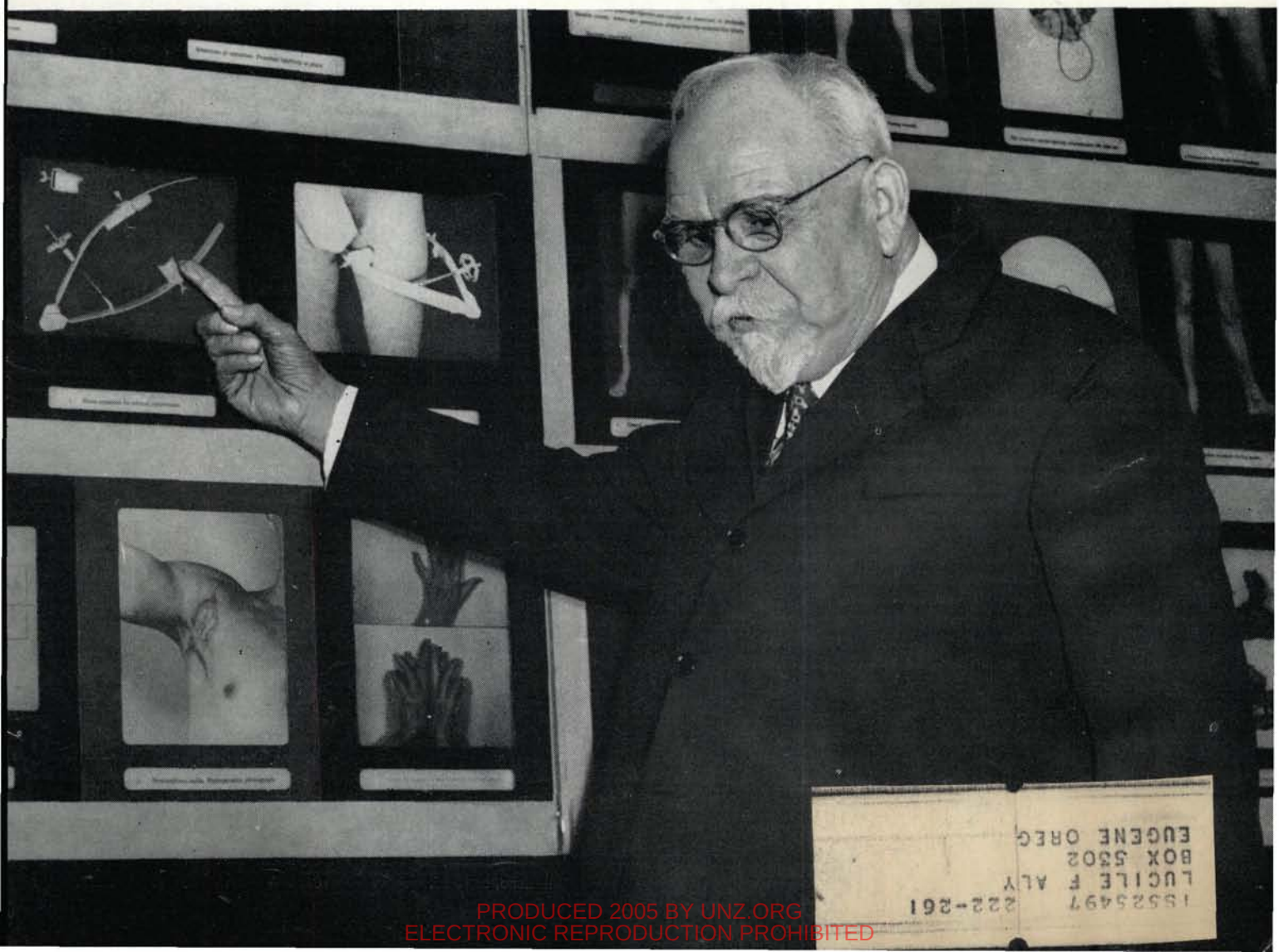
NEW DIMENSIONS IN THE PRESIDENCY

By Sidney Warren

THE UNSPONSORED MIND

By Steve Allen

Dr. Rudolph Matas—pioneer in surgery *(See page 17)*



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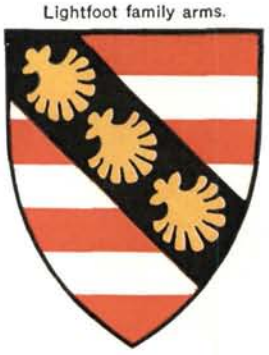
Nature gives man symbols for his art

Arms from a 13th century manuscript.

Lightfoot family arms.



Foljambe family arms.

Shank family arms.

One of the herald painter's most useful symbols was the scallop shell. A superb example is this blue armorial shield with a strikingly stylized lion rampant on a field of seashells. This shield dates from the late thirteenth century and is of a pattern associated with a family of Hender of Cornwall in England. The heraldic painter—like most artists even down to our own day—looked to nature for the symbols he needed for communication and inspiration.

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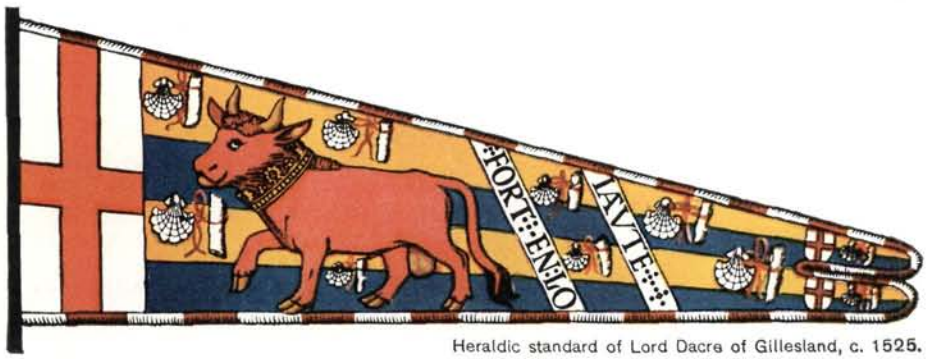

Heraldic standard of Lord Dacre of Gillesland, c. 1525.

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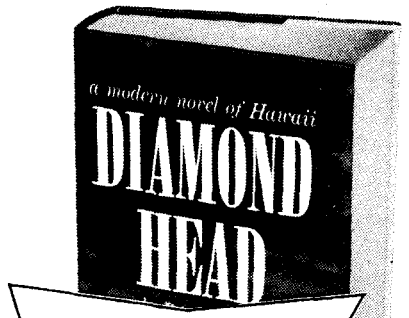

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Saturday Review

AUGUST 20, 1960

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Editor-at-Large

A large pile of crumpled typing paper next to my desk attests to the effort involved in writing about a genuine literary *tour-de-force*. I dare say the effort of writing the book itself is incomparably greater, but that does little to ease the problem of how to suggest in this space what an astonishing writer, John Barth, says in 816 pages.

The book in question is called "The Sot-Weed Factor." Perhaps the best place to begin is with a translation of the title. "Sot-weed" is the essential ingredient of what used to be called "coffin-nails," or stogies, and the fuel for pipes—in a word, tobacco. A sot-weed factor, then, in the idiom of the 17th century, is a middle-man dealing in tobacco, most often found in the New World, especially the American South. And a would-be sot-weed factor who dabbles in epic verse is the hero of this book.

The editor of "The Sot-Weed Factor," charged with describing it to the book trade, has used words like lusty, Rabelaisian, satiric, delightful and exciting. In strict fact, the book is all of these and considerably more. But I'm beginning to believe that one mark of a work of great stature is the impossibility of describing it with anything approaching justice. If that's the case, "The Sot-Weed Factor" is indeed a pearl of great price.

One word of warning, though: this novel is not for the slip-shod reader, for the soft-headed, or for the easily shocked. It is, above all, a book for the reader willing to exercise his wit and his mind, and for such a reader, a real reward.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Sot-Weed Factor" ($7.50), by John Barth, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copies may be obtained from your bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 934 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach 39, Florida.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

RAW STUFF

The Living Theatre alternates two works.
One's a Pirandello confection.
The other's real *beat* and there are folks
Who just can't see "The Connection."

—Ray Griffith.

• • •

PHILOSOPHY FOUR

I HAVE just reread, after nearly sixty years, a small best-seller of 1901: "Philosophy Four," by Owen Wister. It is the story of two Harvard sophomores, Bertie and Billy, rich, socially impeccable, bearing old colonial names. As they have seldom attended class during the term, they are preparing for the June finals by employing a classmate, Oscar Maironi, to read them his faultless notes at $10 an hour. Oscar is apparently Jewish; his parents came over in the steerage; he is very poor, and is working his way through college. He is a contemptible fellow, in the mind of the author and of Bertie and Billy; he may eventually become a Harvard graduate, but never a Harvard Man. Bertie and Billy, "wholesome young creatures," make great fun of Oscar because he has no bath. A roommate enters, a little drunk. He has found a marvelous country restaurant where he has dined on soft-shell crabs, broiled live lobster, salmon, grass-plover, dough-birds, and rum omelette.

The next day Bertie and Billy cut their appointment to tutor with Oscar, and set out in search of the fabulous restaurant. They find it, have a superlative dinner, and drink of the best until, driving home, Billy falls out of the carriage and undergoes several hours of aphasia. They return at dawn; baths, shaves, fresh flannels "invest them with the radiant innocence of flowers." They attend the examination, and the uncommon brilliance of their philosophical statements, drawn from drunken illuminations, delights the half-witted professor, who marks them 90 and 86, and gives the revolting Maironi 75.

"Today," the story concludes, "Bertie is treasurer of the New Amsterdam Trust Company, in Wall Street; Billy is superintendent of the New York and Chicago Air Line." And Oscar? The ridiculous fellow has published a work entitled "The Minor Poets of the Cinquecento," and writes book reviews for the *Evening Post*.

This repulsive literary artifact is commended to all students of American values, and to all *laudatores temporis acti*, nonce-deplorers, tut-tutters, and whitherers. It is an innocent picture of the snobbery, mean-mindedness, anti-intellectualism, cruelty of class and wealth, and the pitiable spiritual and moral valuations of the Nineties. (I reject the hypothesis that this parable of privilege is crypto-communist.) The author presumes that the reader will agree that philosophy is an absurdity which smart common sense can penetrate and demolish, that the irresponsible American aristocracy of wealth can and should befool and befoul the poor intellectual, that the chief end of man is to run a bank on Wall Street, and that grotesque failure is symbolized by the writing of book reviews. The author's presumption was evidently correct, for his story had a great popularity. If there were any criticisms of its value-judgments, they must have been propounded in such laughable journals as the *Evening Post*.

It is some satisfaction to fancy that Bertie (nicknamed "Bottle-Nose" by his employees) retired early to a sanitarium, that the New York and Chicago Air Line went bankrupt, and that "The Minor Poets of the Cinquecento" has become a standard work. It is also a satisfaction to reflect that today Bertie and Billy, with all their radiant, flower-like innocence, couldn't get into Harvard. —Morris Bishop.

Plover at Harvard

• • •

FISH

MORE than parents think, a young boy tries to be understanding about some things. When I was ten and then twelve and then fifteen, I recall thinking that while I did not like to go fishing with my father, it was probably because of my age. There is something good about it that I am not old enough to appreciate, I thought to myself. Someday, I thought, tolerant of my own youth, I would appreciate the quick excitement and the long

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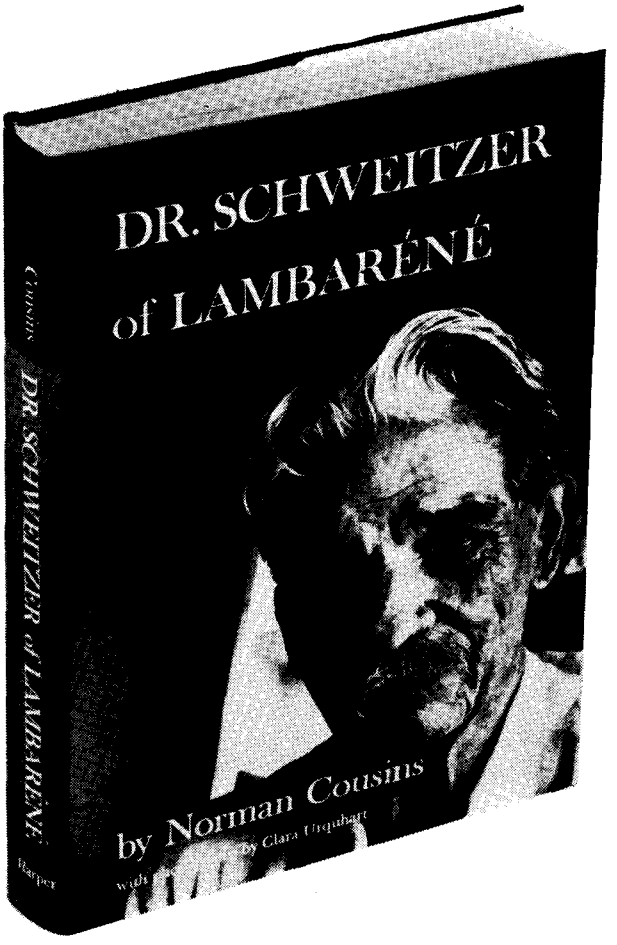

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periods of contemplative quiet that fishing had to offer.

Well, I'm almost forty and I still hate to fish. I not only hate to fish but it takes all my self-control to keep from hating people who like it.

Following the opening day of every brook trout season, the papers are filled with pictures of "anglers," as they like to call them. What are the "anglers" doing? Most of them are wearing hip boots and they're standing ankle-deep in a stream filled with old beer cans and orange peels situated about twenty feet from a major highway. The stream has been stocked with trout by the State Conservation Commission, which has done everything to keep the fish alive except change the water daily. This is communing with nature?

Hunting and fishing—and I hate to hunt more than I hate to fish—have become symbols of manliness. A man goes out and sneaks up on a deer or sits on a log in the woods and waits for one to go by, and then shoots it with a gun or a bow and arrow. If he wrestled a bear to death it wouldn't please me any more but I'd be willing to concede his virility. But shooting a deer with a gun or catching a fish in the mouth with a barbed, feather-covered hook on the end of a string doesn't prove anything to me except that guns are dangerous and fish are stupid. If a man is satisfied with himself for outwitting a fish who is so undiscerning as to think one of those gaudily painted wooden plugs with eight hooks dangling from it is something good to eat, then the man is easily satisfied. "What a fight he put up." That is the ultimate praise a man can give himself when he returns home with a three-pound bass or a nine-inch brook trout.

What he means, of course, is that at 185 pounds he considers himself quite a fellow for having landed a three-pound fish with a hook in his mouth—in the fish's mouth. Presumably the man had a Marlboro in his.

—Andrew Rooney.

• • •

SH!

NOWADAYS as we seek the sweet silence of home, a devil's crew from Vulcan's workshop descends upon us. Even beyond the expected jarring ring of the telephone or the nervous peal of the doorbell, there is the constant hum of the vigilant refrigerator, the strangled squawk of the television set, the relentless tick-tock of the clock, the commanding drone of the deep-freeze, the triumphant whirr of the kitchen mixer, the plaintive pop of the toaster, the throaty rasp of the orange-squeezer, the gloating gurgle of the coffee-maker, the grinding roar of the waste-disposer, the swishing splash of the dish-washer, the vibrant rumble of the air conditioner, the shrill burr of the pencil sharpener, the moaning murmur of the hot-water heater, the blaring buzz of the razor, the hoarse twang of the can-opener, the clattering quiver of the dryer, the raucous thumping of the washing machine, and the fizzing hiss of the fluorescent bulbs. Eventually the day draws to a close; our nerves battered and bruised, we seek the balm of soundless sleep . . . to the accompaniment of the diabolic purr of the electric blanket.

Ah, Mr. Edison, what dins are committed in thy name!

—William Fadiman.

• • •

WITH GREETINGS TO OGDEN NASH

For me the ball point's greatest blight
Is not its lush ubiquity.
The ones I have will never write;
That seems their worst iniquity.

—Earnest Elmo Calkins.

• • •

AND ONE HUNDRED YEARS FROM TODAY . . .

(Teaching machine developed by Harvard professor soon to be in mass production. —News item, 1960.)

Valedictorian: ". . . and this farewell would not be complete without expressing our debt of gratitude to a dedicated faculty. Oh, I know that it is the fashion to deprecate the value of personal contact as a valid part of education, and to say that a professor on tape or film is just as good as the real thing. But what course on film can offer the thrill of pulling the professor's lever and coming up with the right answer on the first try? What reel of tape can match the enthusiasm of even the newest instructor, fresh out of his factory carton? What canned pedagogy can equal the patience of the dedicated teacher whose relays will propound the same question over and over and over again until it is correctly answered? No, we will never forget our mentors—L. C. Smith-Corona 607X, whose humanism enriched us all; or the winking dashboard of Remington Rand LV-44, when he would relieve the classroom tension by rolling up two lemons and a cherry; or the good sportsmanship of Univac 402 (transistor model) when we hid his fuse during Hell Week. These memories and more we take with us as we bid goodbye to our Alma Motor and face the challenge of . . ." —M. L.

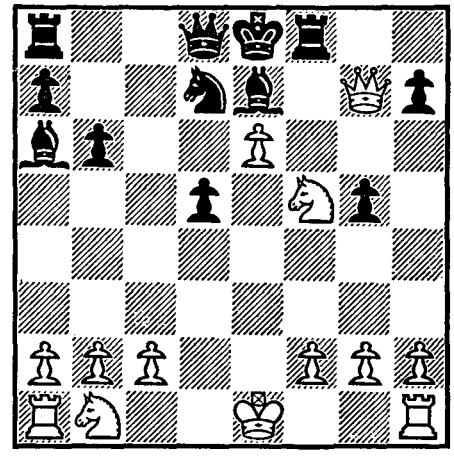
Chess Corner—38

WHEN players of decidedly uneven strength play against each other in a game of chess, the result is almost a foregone conclusion. The better player will win. For this reason, a table of odds has been devised so that players may handicap each other to bring their relative strength into balance. Standard odds are "Draw," "Pawn and Move," "Pawn and Two," "Knight," "Rook," "Queen for Rook," "Queen for Knight," and "Queen." Occasionally, greater handicaps have been given, but these times are few and far between. "Draw" odds mean that the weaker player gets the White men and wins the game if he so much as makes a draw. In the case of "Pawn and Move," the stronger player takes the Black men and removes his King Bishop Pawn. In "Pawn and Two," the stronger player takes Black, removes his King Bishop Pawn. White then makes two moves in a row (not crossing the fourth rank). In "Knight," the stronger player takes White and removes a Knight, usually the Queen Knight. In "Rook," the stronger player takes White and removes his Queen Rook. In "Queen for a Rook," the stronger player takes White and removes his Queen. The weaker player removes his Queen Rook. In "Queen for a Knight," the same holds true, except that the weaker player removes his Queen Knight. In "Queen," the stronger player takes White and removes his Queen.

The game below is at Rook odds.

FRENCH DEFENSE
(Remove White's Queen Rook)

	I. Kashdan White			B. Horneman Black	
1	P-K4	P-K3	8	Q-N3	N-B4
2	P-Q4	P-Q4	9	BxN	PxB
3	P-K5	P-QB4	10	QxP	R-B1
4	Q-N4	PxP	11	NxP	B-R3
5	N-KB3	N-KR3	12	NxP	N-Q2
6	Q-R3	B-K2	13	B-N5	P-B3
7	B-Q3	P-QN3	14	P-K6	PxB



15 Q-N6ch PxQ 16 N-N7 mate

—Al Horowitz.

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TRADE Winds

DIARY ENTRY, MONDAY: Bumped into Walter Pitkin, Jr., on Main Street in Westport, Connecticut.

"I suppose you heard," he said, "about the book publisher who just installed an IBM ordering system? The first order came from a small Vermont bookseller, ordering *one* copy of a technical book. A week later a truck backed up to deliver 1,000 copies. Those machines just don't *thimk* straight!"

DIARY ENTRY, TUESDAY: Poked head into the office of John Green, the tall, sinewy network producer at ABC-TV.

"I've just developed a great new title for a song," he said. " 'There's No Vinism Like Chauvinism.' Like it?"

Closed door quickly, and left.

DIARY ENTRY, WEDNESDAY: Sat next to Nancy Baker, an actress, at a dinner.

"Did you hear," she said, "about the baby mouse who saw a bat flying across the room? Got all excited because he thought it was an angel."

DIARY ENTRY, THURSDAY: Opened RFD mailbox to find a letter from K. G. Roy, of Cleveland, noting that jittery Cape Canaveral scientists are now taking a new tranquilizer called Pheno-Orbital. In same mail: A suggestion for the movie company seeking a new name for its old-fashioned, conventional-size screen, from Pauline Winnick of Boston: Eye-wide and Handsome. Another suggestion, from Tooni Baxter, of Miami: Originascope.

DIARY ENTRY, FRIDAY: From TRADE WINDS readers Marjory Harkness, Jessica Davidson, and Mary Hunt, received more word-twisters usable in the Lewis Carroll word game. (Repeat example: OMAHA can be filled out as: tOMAHAwk.)

New entries: AGAMU, RYG, ERGRO, ANW, HTH, RND, YZY, MIKA.

Will be able to give answers in later column only because they were supplied by aforementioned correspondents.

DIARY ENTRY, SATURDAY: Had lunch aboard the French Line's *La Liberté*, in the wake of Appleton-Century-Crofts's recent book "The Ile de France: Life Story of a Great Ship." Happy to report that the French have lost none of their touch in turning a meal into an adventure in elegance. Highlights: Turbot Fish, Saint-Malo; Saddle of Lamb Behague Bouquetiere.

Incidental information picked up from the French Line man at our elbow: 1) Pizza pie is now, for the first time, becoming popular in Italy, and 2) the favorite restaurant of many French gourmets when they're looking for good food in New York is Lamb's Chop House.

DIARY ENTRY, SUNDAY: Opened letter from Doubleday author Truman Nelson, who indicated that the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court has ordered the clock turned back at Walden Pond, so that it will once again appear to the public as it did to the eyes of Thoreau. Over 300 *SR* readers jumped to Mr. Nelson's support when we reprinted his impassioned note some time ago, telling of his campaign to rescue the site from bathhouses, hot dog stands, orange peels, and pop bottles.

DIARY ENTRY, TUESDAY: Stopped by the Bettmann Archive on East 57th Street in New York for a look at the place that has been called the "World's Strangest Picture Museum."

Discovered Dr. Otto Bettmann, a supple, sprightly, bearded gentleman (he founded the organization when he arrived in this country from Germany in the Thirties), deep in the files of his million-plus collection of rare and illuminating pictures.

"We have a very compact operation here, as you can see," he told us. "The problem isn't getting pictures—it's trying to decide which ones to keep."

The pictures Dr. Bettmann has kept are enough to depict the whole spectrum of the world's history almost since man began drawing on the walls of caves. "I look for several things when I pick a picture," he said. "First, it must be of the type which is usable by an editor or an advertising agency or whoever the customer might be. Next, it must transmit an idea fast. Third, it must have good design."

When Dr. Bettmann docked in America, he carried his collection in just a few trunks, and his friends advised him to dump them in the Hudson.

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"The suggestion," he said, "seemed almost plausible at the time."

As we were leaving, a request came in for a picture of Lincoln's son's goat. Dr. Bettmann said good-bye cordially as he went to the files to try to fill the order.

DIARY ENTRY, WEDNESDAY: Had a pale dry ginger ale at the Biltmore with David Douglas Duncan, whose magnificent book "The Kremlin" (New York Graphic Society, $25) has now become a classic.

He was able, by tact, diplomacy, and persuasion, to get permission to photograph the priceless relics of ancient

Russia within the Kremlin—an unprecedented feat. Began work in 1956, completed it in 1960. Faced almost impossible production problems because of expense of plates. Found Russian guards agreeable, friendly, helpful. Before Duncan, no one had ever shot the Czarist and Imperial treasures in color; no one had thought of asking. Duncan's method: A request direct to Khrushchev at a diplomatic reception.

Present assignment: Compiling new volume, "Picasso's Picasso." Will contain 300 paintings no one has ever seen; will cover Picasso's entire life.

DIARY ENTRY, THURSDAY: Agreed to interview Zsa Zsa Gabor, after invitation from World Publishing, which is bringing out "Zsa Zsa Gabor: My Story Written for Me by Gerold Frank." Found her munching on chicken sandwich and drinking cup of coffee in suite at Waldorf Towers.

On ex-husband Conrad Hilton: Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful human being. Always running into: Married men who say their wives don't understand them. Marriage prospects: None at present. Want the next one to *last*. Re California: Like New York better. Re romantic interests: "Just as naïve and idiotic as I was when I first married."

Wearing: Soft flowing silk housecoat, in shocking pink. Rhetorical question from Miss Gabor: "Can you *ever* learn from experience?" Self-analysis by Miss Gabor: Can't seem to make progress in romantic attractions. Must like to suffer. Television: Less boring than filmmaking. What's-Jack-Paar-really-like department: Has only met him while on air; she tries to overpower him, and vice versa. Would love to do: Play on Broadway.

Had to write book: "Because many idiotic things have been written about me." Needed Gerold Frank because: Couldn't write *serious* book alone. Could write humorous book alone, and will do so (subject: world politics). Likes: Books, plays, flowers, night clubs, intellectual discussions. Reads: Two or three books at a time. Favorite author: Steinbeck. Has: Extrasensory perception.

DIARY ENTRY, FRIDAY: Answered summons from the Bourbon Institute to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the mint julep at the St. Regis.

Greeted by: Miss Mint Julep of 1960 (Chris Roberts, from Bourbon County, Kentucky; 6′ 1″ tall; white satin evening dress; Southern accent; model; studied anthropology).

Interrupted by: Admiral William Marshall (U.S.N., ret.), president of the Bourbon Institute. His comment: "What in the world are you doing without a julep in your hand, son? You, sir, are out of uniform!" Presented with: Fresh, frosty julep and a do-it-yourself julep kit, complete. Comment by the Admiral: "All you need is ice and energy."

Total absence of: Feud between the crushers and the mullers of mint in the julep. Answer: Partially bruised and

partially mulled compromise. Result: Good.

Question to Admiral: Like job better than Navy? Answer: "Helluva lot more fun than the Pentagon—and you can quote me on that!"

DIARY ENTRY, SATURDAY: Overslept.

—John G. Fuller.

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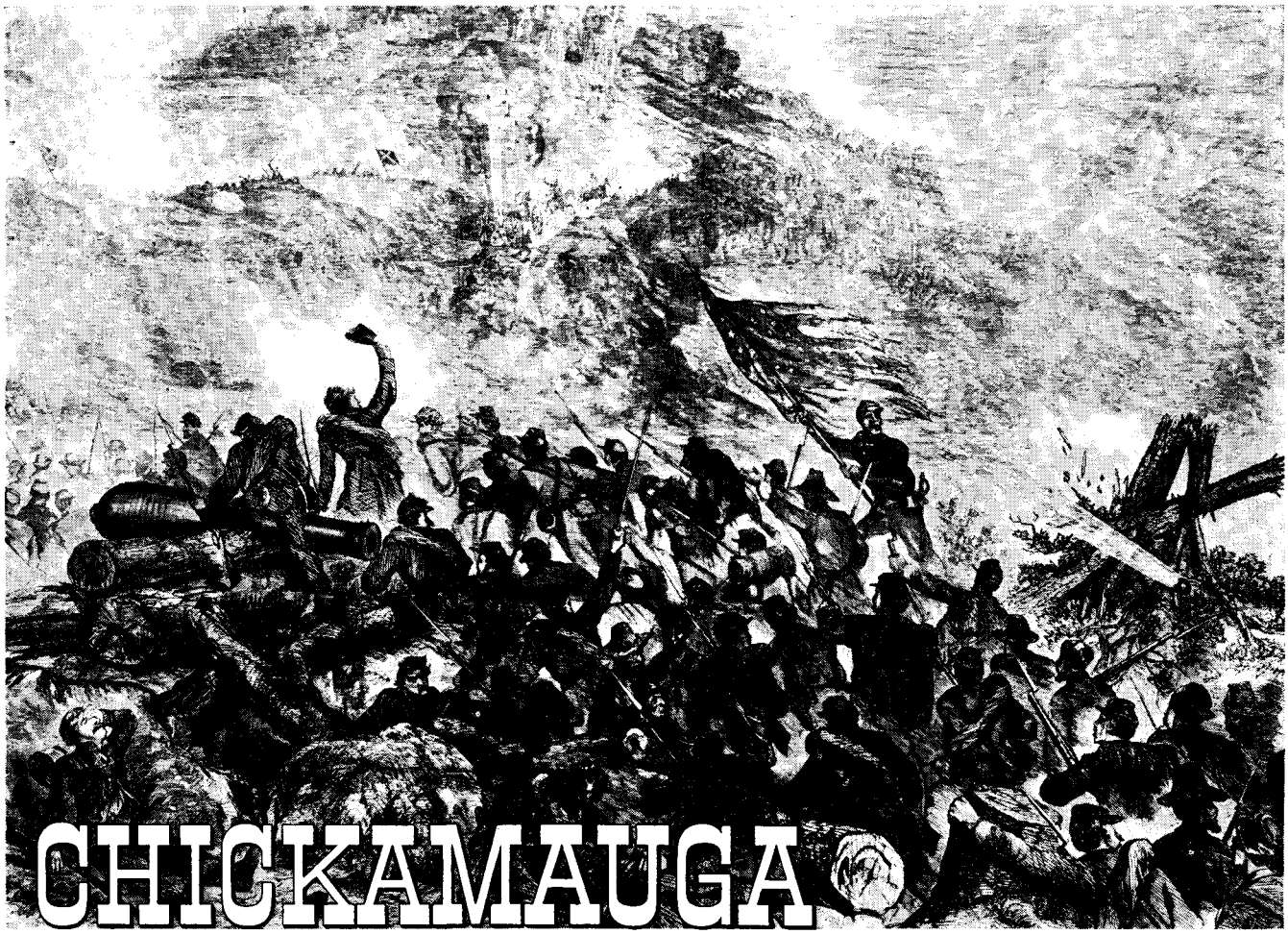

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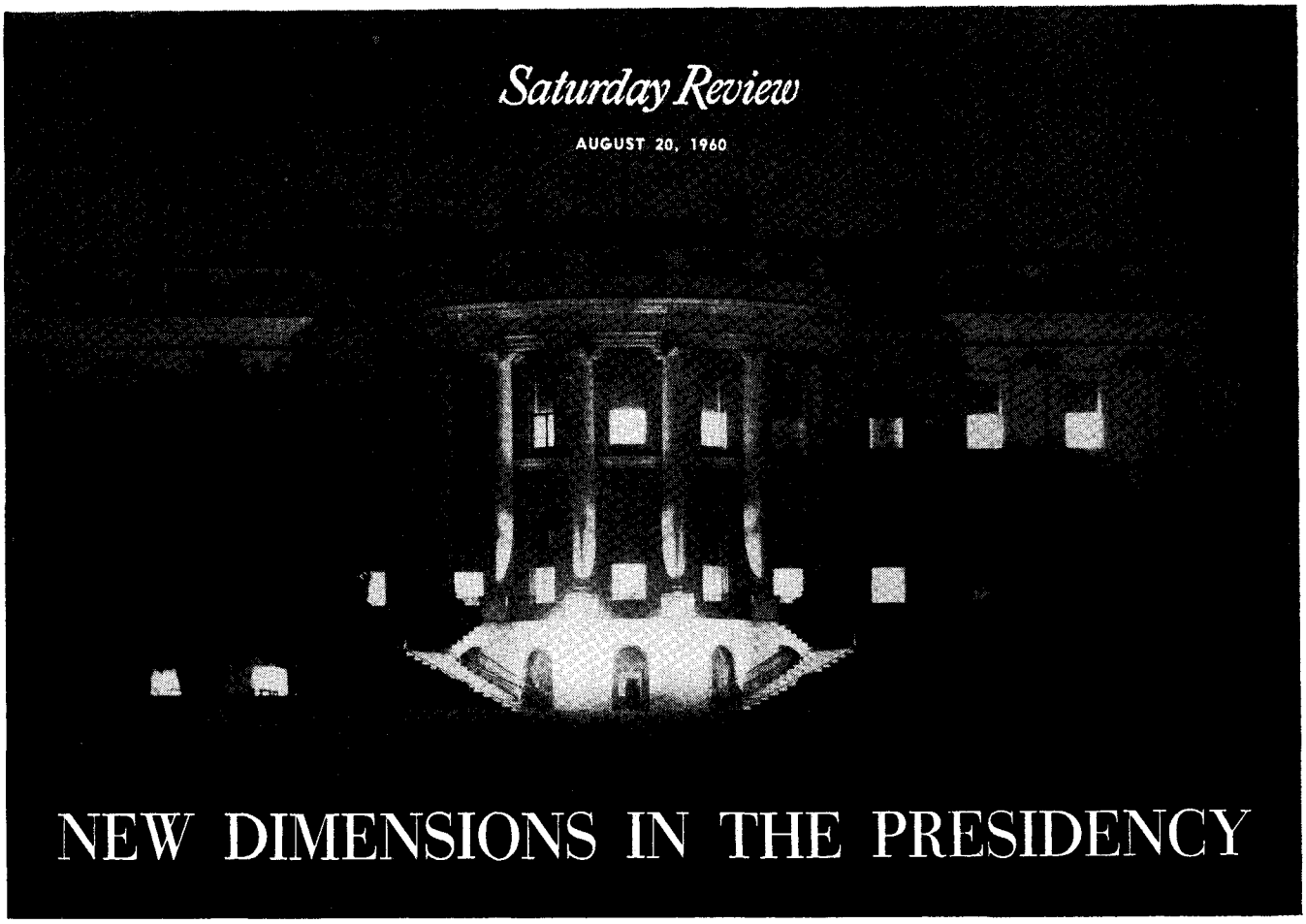

NEW DIMENSIONS IN THE PRESIDENCY

By SIDNEY WARREN, *professor of political science at California Western University. Dr. Warren is now at work on a study of the twentieth-century American President in his new role as world leader.*

THE AMERICAN Presidency is a unique office. It can be compared to an elected kingship, a repository of both pomp and power. It is the embodiment of a leadership rooted in the constitutional past, molded by tradition, influenced by changing circumstances, and, above all, shaped by the occupant of the office. The form of this leadership has, in the history of the American Presidency, undergone some remarkable changes, none of which is more significant than the new dimension of leadership that is emerging today.

An examination of our outstanding Presidents from George Washington to Theodore Roosevelt reveals an extremely interesting fact—that while these men expanded the dimensions of the office and made more multifaceted the image of the Chief Executive, they did so within a domestic framework. George Washington bequeathed to his successors the symbol of national unity and Chief of State. Thomas Jefferson's legacy was the President as party leader, Andrew Jackson's the President as "tribune of the people." Abraham Lincoln added moral leadership, and Grover Cleveland was defender of executive prerogative in a constitutional system of separate powers.

It was Theodore Roosevelt who was the first to foreshadow the expanded role of the President that is becoming increasingly crucial today—that of world leader. He recognized that the nation had entered a new phase of its history. In a message to Congress, Roosevelt urged that body to recognize that conditions in the world had changed and that the country was now "at the threshold of middle age. . . . The nation is now too mature to continue in its foreign relations with those temporary expedients natural to a people whose domestic affairs are the sole concern." In the past, he went on, we wanted only to be allowed to exist. But now, he said, "we are . . . in a larger relation with broader rights of our own and obligations to others than ourselves." In 1908, while Roosevelt was serving his last term in office, Woodrow Wilson, then president of Princeton University, wrote with almost prophetic insight:

> The President can never again be the mere domestic figure he has been throughout so large a part of our history. The nation has risen to the first rank in power and resources. The other nations of the world look askance upon her, half in envy, half in fear, and wonder with a deep anxiety what she will do with her vast strength. . . . Our President must always, henceforth, be one of the great powers of the world, whether he act greatly or wisely or not. . . . We can never hide our President again as a mere domestic officer. We can never again deem him the mere executive he was in the Thirties and Forties. He must stand always at the front of our affairs, and the office will be as big and as influential as the man who occupies it.

There is no question that the President's role as world leader will become increasingly dominant. It is a role that must evoke new expectations and requirements from the Presidential office and from its incumbent. It is a role so new that its implications are not yet fully understood.

Before going further into this development, it may be well to review briefly the constitutional basis of the Presidency. Five functions have been assigned to the President by the fundamental law. First and foremost, he is head of state, the symbol of and spokesman for the entire nation. If there is any voice that speaks for all America, it is the

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President's. Secondly, he is the Chief Executive, charged with the responsibility of seeing that all laws are faithfully enforced. He is, thirdly, a legislator, influencing, guiding, cooperating and competing with Congress in the lawmaking process. Fourthly, the President has the commanding role in making foreign policy. Upon his shoulders, and his alone, falls the supreme responsibility for decisions in our international relationships. And, finally, he is commander-in-chief of the armed forces.

With the passage of time, however, still other powers have fallen upon the President, powers in addition to those specifically assigned to him by our body of laws. Early in our history—entirely unanticipated by the Founding Fathers—the President became a party leader. A President who does not play the game in the political arena with skill, courage, and cunning soon finds that his role as Chief Executive is seriously impaired.

The second power for which the Constitution made no provision might be called that of "public opinion purveyor and molder." Modern technology has enormously aided the President in this role. Theodore Roosevelt was the first to make wide use of the national press and wire services to keep the words, the personality, and the face of the President constantly before the public. Woodrow Wilson initiated the press conference as an institutional approach, and Franklin D. Roosevelt exploited it to maximum advantage with his consummate skill and artistry in the realm of public opinion. With unlimited access to all the mass media of communication, the President is the most strategically situated individual in the nation to capture the eyes and ears of the people.

INCREASINGLY the President has come to be regarded as the caretaker of domestic tranquillity. He is expected to come to the rescue in times of floods, earthquakes, or any other major disaster by setting the proper machinery in motion for relief. In Freudian terms, the President has become a "father image." The age of tension and violence in which we live has accentuated the longing for peace and security. To be sure, this is not a power that can be formulated in statutory terms, but it is nonetheless real.

A major desire of the American people is for economic stability. And here again the President exercises a power not contemplated by the Founding Fathers. While Congress remains the lawmaking body concerned with measures designed to maintain the economy on an even keel, the people look to Presidential initiative in such matters of public economic policy as full employment, economic controls, fiscal policy, and adequate housing. In addition, the President is expected to meet the challenge of Communist rivalry by inspiring programs designed to achieve a dynamic, growing economy. Not only was such a role not envisioned by the men who framed the Constitution in 1787, but even a century later President Cleveland would have been utterly baffled by the very meaning of such a function.

The growth of Presidential power has been an extraordinary phenomenon of our political history. It is not the result of a series of fortuitous circumstances, but rather the outgrowth of accumulating experiences, one of which is the rise of the welfare state. Or, to put it in another way, we designate the economic system under which we live as regulated capitalism, or controlled capitalism, or the mixed economy. Call it what you will, the fact remains that government in the twentieth century has assumed many responsibilities in the field of social and economic legislation. This it has done in response to the steadily growing complexities of our society as a result of the revolution in technology. The mounting proliferation of government agencies and the enlarged mandate given the President by legislative statutes could not but widen the scope of executive authority.

The extension of democracy is another relevant factor in explaining the growth of Presidential power. Not only is the President our Chief Executive, but he is also a leader elected every four years and responsible directly to the people. Congressmen represent local constituencies; the President is regarded as the embodiment of the national will and the national spirit. There may be clusters of power beyond the reach of the people—centers of power within Congress, within labor, within industry—but the President, it is felt, is subject to control, at least every four years. The continued widening of the franchise has strengthened the view of the Presidency as the repository of the people's will.

Still another factor is the emergence of the United States as a leading nation in the world. This has enlarged the Presidency in a way that is yet to be fully appreciated or understood. As the nation's chief diplomat, the President is called upon to act energetically in defense of American interests whenever and wherever they may be involved. It is true that Presidents like George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and James Monroe played important roles in the field of foreign affairs, but—and this is the significant point—they played them within a domestic framework. Our national goal then was predicated upon continentalism. As a fledgling nation, we wanted more than anything else to keep out of the vortex of European power politics and to remove European influence from North America. We had a vast continent of our own to explore and exploit and we wanted no part in foreign entanglements. The concern of the early Presidents in foreign affairs, therefore, was to disengage the United States from other nations.

BY THE END of the nineteenth century, however, the logic of power and the dictates of geography and of economics had thrust us into an intimate and even inextricable involvement with the outside world. Activities devolved upon the President that had been undreamed of by previous generations. De Tocqueville predicted this development with uncanny foresight:

> It is chiefly in its foreign relations that the executive power of a nation finds occasion to exert its skill and its strength. If the existence of the Union were perpetually threatened, if its chief interests were in daily connection with those of other powerful nations, the executive government would assume an increased importance in proportion to the measures expected of it and to those which it would execute.

It is obvious, then, that the Presidency must be considered not as a mere constitutional abstraction, but as an institution molded by environment. And the environment of the twentieth century is in sharp, even violent, contrast to that of the nineteenth. Today we must cope with such factors as international aggression; growing financial, economic, and military power; the revolution in military technology; and our increasing international commitments.

For an environment of this kind, Congressional government is not equipped to cope with emergencies as effectively as Presidential government. The former lacks the cohesion, the dispatch, and the information essential for resolute action. Our experiences during two world wars and a catastrophic depression bear this out. To be sure, Congress performed its part—as it must under our Constitutional system—by passing the required legislation; but the tasks of giving direction and leadership, initiating new ideas, and enlisting the support of the people fell to the Chief Executive.

Today the destiny of the United States is completely enmeshed with that of the rest of the world. Inevitably, therefore, the center of power in the conduct of the nation's foreign policy must remain in the executive branch.

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The President in the twentieth century is, or ought to be, a world leader. His forum is not only his own country, but the entire globe. He must direct policy within the United Nations Organization; he is the leader of a system of military alliances involving dozens of nations; he is the informal but nevertheless acknowledged leader of a coalition of free nations. For these reasons, personal diplomacy has become one of the phenomena of this era.

All the signs suggest that in the coming years the role of the President as domestic leader will be far overshadowed by his new role as world leader. And this new dimension of Presidential leadership raises a serious question: when does the Chief Executive speak as head of his nation; when does he speak for the coalition of free nations; when does he speak for the uncommitted; and when does he speak for all mankind? To define the jurisdictions, to harmonize them, to represent them adequately—this will require all the subtlety and skill that leadership can command. The President as world leader must possess a sense of history to be able to distinguish the ephemeral and transitory from the enduring, and he must have the combination of hard-headed practical sense with deep, philosophic understanding. He must also have, as Harold Laski put it, not only a sense of the general direction in which he wishes to move, but also a sense of the direction in which the times require him to move.

The nature of our political system has been responsible for bringing to the White House men of uneven qualities and with varying approaches to the office of the Presidency. Sidney Hyman has grouped our past executives into three categories: the Buchanan type, the Cleveland type, and the Lincoln type. He uses each of these men as a prototype, a representative of a governmental philosophy, outlook, and personality. The Buchanan type is legalistic in his approach, paying more attention to form than to substance, and rooting his administration in the past rather than directing it to the future. The Cleveland type is a strict constitutionalist, believing in the full use of executive power, but strictly within a system of separated powers, and in a government essentially negative in character. The Lincoln type is bold and aggressive in the executive office, asserting a vigorous leadership and exercising power to the fullest extent of the executive prerogative, carrying it beyond the traditional constitutional limits. Generally speaking, each type functioned at a particular time in our history for which it was most appropriate. There were times when the popular mood and the national circumstance were not congenial to change, to new directions, to imaginative departures, and the Buchanan type of man was voted into office. At the other extreme was the period of crisis or transition that demanded a Lincoln—or a Theodore Roosevelt, a Wilson, a Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Each of these last three held office in a time of crisis or transition and is associated with world leadership. Theodore Roosevelt, who was the last of the "domestic" Presidents and the first of the modern, began casting the mold for the President as world leader in the twentieth century. When he came to office our nation had just ended its historic period of continentalism and begun its new career in overseas affairs. For all of Roosevelt's adolescent nationalism, his braggadocio, his emotionalism, he had a realistic grasp of the fundamentals of world politics and of strategic considerations in the exercise of power. It was a measure of his leadership that he comprehended the role of power at a time when analysts and publicists were concerned mainly with the economic role in international relations.

WITH Woodrow Wilson, the image of the President as world leader began to take definite shape. Wilson was a towering figure on the international scene; he might have been tremendously effective had he not been handicapped by an intellectual rigidity and a Calvinistic morality. His perfectionism prevented him from being flexible on the issue of the League of Nations and from compromising with the opposition in the Senate. An overwhelming desire for peace and international order caused him to overemphasize the importance of public opinion in Europe, and he underestimated the strength of the statesmen in control of the switches at the command posts. His self-righteousness blinded him to the existence of any right in the views of those who disagreed with him. But his moral idealism did rally the nation to enter an overseas conflict in defense of its national interest.

Woodrow Wilson is generally regarded as a pure idealist, but this seems to me an erroneous characterization. Would an idealist have recognized the threat to the balance of power implicit in a German victory, and hence the threat to the security of the United States? And can the League of Nations be considered "idealistic" when a quarter of a century later the world, once again seared by a devastating war, returned to an essentially similar formula for the maintenance of peace? History may yet judge Wilson to have been more the realist than other acknowledged realists.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, the next of our major world leaders, was much more adept than Wilson in the political arena. In the years before World War II, he exhibited great skill in the strategy of retreat as well as of advance, taking full account of the political terrain, the mobility of his forces, the strength of his enemy. Thoroughly aware of the realities of the political system under which he operated, Roosevelt profited from the errors of his Democratic predecessor and used bi-

(*Continued on page* 40)

"All I get is a busy signal."

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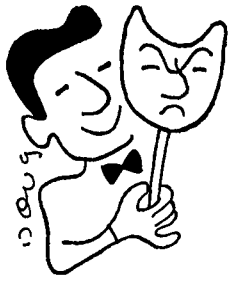

THE UNSPONSORED MIND

By STEVE ALLEN. *This article is previewed from Mr. Allen's forthcoming autobiography, "Mark It and Strike It."**

I FREQUENTLY hear it said that though my thoughts turn often to serious matters it is not altogether proper that this should be so. "You are a comedian," runs the argument. "You have no business thinking about and discussing serious issues." This view seems to me so clearly absurd that I rarely bother to refute it in conversation, realizing that the state of mind that caused the idea to be expressed in the first place would render the hearer impervious to my counter-arguments in the second. But perhaps a word or two on the subject would be in order. The basic mistake of such an argument, of course, is that it treats comedians or entertainers generically instead of individually, and presumably we have already learned the dangers of considering larger ethnic or social groups in this way. When we say, for example, that "Italians are musical," we do not really mean it at all; most Italians are not the least musical. What we mean is that although the proportion of musical people in any society is small the Italians seem to have a higher percentage of musically oriented people than other nationalities. So, too, it is unfair to assume that because *some* entertainers may be scatterbrained or narcissistic or uneducated, *all* entertainers may be tarred with the same brush.

When there is a war, show people are not exempt from military service, nor is their contribution limited to service in the lower ranks. Men like Jimmy Stewart, Fredric March, Ronald Reagan, Robert Ryan, Don Murray, Robert Montgomery, Cary Grant, or Lew Ayres, to name just a few, would be valuable additions to any field of human endeavor from which they were not excluded by lack of particular technical knowledge. But even actors who are less gifted than those I have named are still human beings. It is in that capacity that they ought to be very much concerned with crucial questions. Our society is in danger when there is a lack of interest in democratic processes, not when there is a great deal of it. Consider the following statement by diplomat George F. Kennan, one of our foremost experts on Russian affairs:

> If you ask me—as a historian, let us say—whether a country in the state this country is in today, with no highly developed sense of national purpose, with the overwhelming accent of life on personal comfort and amusement, with a dearth of public services and a surfeit of privately sold gadgetry . . . with an educational system where quality has been extensively sacrificed to quantity, and with insufficient social discipline even to keep its major industries functioning without grievous interruptions—if you ask me whether such a country has, over the long run, good chances of competing with a purposeful, serious and disciplined society such as that of the Soviet Union, I must say that the answer is "no."

In the light of this, is there any citizen, whether actor, milkman, or interior decorator, who can be complacent and who can go on feeling that the business of our world must be left entirely to the "experts?" We all know—and reading a book like Robert Kennedy's "The Enemy Within" confirms the fact—that though there are brilliant and dedicated men in public service there are also some venal and ignorant individuals so employed. For any reasonably informed citizen to refuse to speak out on public affairs in the light of this knowledge is a denial of the validity of democracy.

No, I must insist that I am entitled to make the area of my concern the universe rather than just the little world of television.

ONE thing that has concerned me more and more in recent years is the fact that almost all good, constructive steps toward social justice and the brotherhood of man which Christ came to preach—steps such as better wages and working conditions for the laboring man, collective bargaining, old-age pensions, social security, a more democratic share in America for the Negro, better medical care for the poor, better mental health facilities for our entire society, and abolishment of the death penalty —have been characterized by their opponents as the work of Communists. If ever there was a more tragic folly I cannot think of it.

The march of progress is never long delayed; somehow man does progress socially. The die-hards die hard but they do die. But that the Communists should get a share of the credit for the progress being made is horrifying. Of course they well know how to parlay this foolishness on our part into a tremendous advantage around the world. "See," they say, "even in America our enemies admit that we are behind the labor movement, that we are the motivating force behind the liberation of the Negro, behind the peace movement, and a hundred other worth-while activities."

How can one approve the Communists' getting credit for the very hard work that thousand of conscientious Americans are doing in numerous organizations working toward the betterment of the human condition? A good example is the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. The reader may recall that in December of 1959 the nations of the world voted *sixty to one* against France's plans to explode a nuclear bomb in our atmosphere. That vote indicates the trend; the peoples of the world do not want their air and water and milk and vegetables poisoned by radioactive fallout. Though some harm is already done, unless there is war they will have their way. But certain misguided souls will commit the folly of crediting the Communists for it all.

We must remember that we can harm the Communist cause if we tell the *truth* about it. We help it if we lie about it and our lie is found out. And to tell the truth about Communism we must learn more about it, both the good and the bad. Yes, I say *good;* the reader who is shocked by this use of the word demonstrates his own ignorance. It is a fact that the Communist world desires certain things that the West desires; for that reason alone we should be prepared to admit that our two camps may not be painted in simple black and white. There is black, to be sure, on the Communist side; Hoover, as someone has said, may have permitted men to starve (through inaction) but Stalin deliberately starved them. His sins were so heinous that they are now admitted even by the Russians. But if we think of all Communists as evil fiends we render ourselves weak, ignorant, and unrealistic. In this nation

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we have adopted a number of socialistic doctrines and practices that forty years ago were considered as Red as the devil himself.

A famous anti-Communist took exception last year to my statement in *Look* magazine that I was puzzled as to why there were men in the Communist camp more intelligent than myself. I was wrong, he said. Intellectuals in Europe were unwilling prisoners of the Communists, not adherents. But this is palpably not true in all cases. Consider, for instance, the many intelligent men in this country who have renounced Communism: Chambers, Budenz, Wechsler, Fast, and so on. They did not become intelligent on the day they left the fold, however much that move might be regarded as having improved their intellectual condition. On a larger scale, there are too many intellectuals all over the world who are Communists by choice to permit us the delusion that only the ignorant or brainwashed can be members of that communion.

In reading books such as Ralph de Toledano's "Lament for a Generation" one understands that in the Thirties the intellectual and emotional appeal of Communism was very strong to the best of men. Fascism was on the triumphant march, the United States capitalist economy was in the paralyzing grip of a long depression, and the Communists, "for all their limitations, offered a simple solution to the problems of economics and war," as De Toledano says. To indicate the historic and philosophical background of this trend in thinking, he quotes Gerard Manley Hopkins, Victorian poet and Catholic priest:

> I must tell you that I am always thinking of the Communist future. . . . Horrible to say, in a manner I am a Communist. Their ideal barring some things is nobler than that professed by any secular statesman I know of. . . . . Besides it is just. I do not mean the means of getting it are. But it is a dreadful thing for the greatest and most necessary part of a very rich nation to live a hard life without dignity, knowledge, comfort, delight, or hopes in the midst of plenty—which plenty they make. They profess that they do not care what they wreck and burn, the old civilization and order must be destroyed. This is a dreadful look-out, but what has the old civilization done for them?

I repeat: We can best fight Communism with truth, not falsehood. One of the facts we must understand is that the convinced Communist has an almost religious vision of world improvement; he sees himself in virtuous terms and it provokes his fury when we tell him he is evil. It is lamentable that Christians, who centuries ago ought to have done by peaceful means the work that the Communists are currently effecting so ruthlessly, will deny that a good end is desirable if they find out that the Communists also wish it. Many Christians have a fair idea of their commitment to their God, but a very weak idea indeed of their commitment to their fellow man (if indeed the latter does not rule out the former). Isolationists shouting today, for example (and it is embarrassing to note that they are almost always Christians), that our incomes ought not be taxed to help either our own poor or people in other countries are playing right into the hands of Communists whose siren song is very attractive indeed to the starving and destitute.

PROTEUS IN HOLLYWOOD: On the first page of "Mark It and Strike It" Steve Allen comments wryly, "I suppose people will read this book who never read the story of Albert Schweitzer, or Galileo, or Robert Owen. They ought to be ashamed of themselves."

Those who ignore the author's disclaimer and read on without shame will find themselves caught up in the vivid autobiography of "A pampered, sickly bean-pole, too weak for athletics and too asthmatic for the Army," who manages to make himself over into a sort of performing-arts polymath. Mr. Allen's reach sometimes exceeds his grasp, but it is a fact that he can perform with charm and high competence in a variety of areas. His wife, actress Jayne Meadows, says, "I live polygamously with eight men: a published writer of earthy prose and poetry, a deep thinker, a comedian, a pianist, a composer, a crusader, a motion-picture star, and a tender father."

Mr. Allen has written two books of short stories, "Fourteen for Tonight," and "The Girls on the Tenth Floor," and a book of poems, "Wry on the Rocks"; all three books were received cordially by the critics and sold briskly. He also has written more than a thousand popular songs. In addition, he devours, skims through, and otherwise monitors several hundred books, magazines, and pamphlets each month; is an active member of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy and a patron of various eleemosynary projects; and freely conveys his opinions to hundreds of friends and acquaintances by means of open letters (his impact on the leisure-loving element in Hollywood has been seismic).

Last January, another seismic disturbance took place when Mr. Allen decided to present on his weekly TV show a segment called "Meeting of Minds," which was an imaginary conversation between

Aristotle, Freud, Dostoevsky, Hegel, Clarence Darrow, and Montaigne, among others (see TV AND RADIO). The National Broadcasting Company (urged on, it was rumored, by the sponsor) peremptorily forbade the presentation, holding that as M.C. of a variety show, Mr. Allen should confine himself to comedy.

"When I heard that NBC wanted me to cut out the spot," Mr. Allen said later, "I felt as Edison might have if they had rejected the electric light while sitting in the darkness. . . ." His discomfiture and chagrin were not eased by his knowledge that the January 30 issue of *SR*, which featured a cover story on him and on the forthcoming "Meeting of Minds," was already on the newsstands.

Since Mr. Allen is resilient as well as protean, he is not likely to be crushed by his run-in with the Brass; for Stephen Patrick William Valentine Allen, at thirty-eight, has survived worse blows than this in his picaresque, knock-about journey through life. His reaction to the blackout of "Meeting of the Minds" and to the later cancellation of his weekly TV show was foreshadowed in the answer he once gave a reporter who asked whether he was worried about the high ratings received by a Western show on TV at a competing time: "Good God, no—I'm worried about mankind's rating." —H.B.

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Two Families in Trouble

By Granville Hicks

FOR MORE than twenty years Gerald Warner Brace has been writing good—though never great—novels about New England life. The best known and perhaps the best of them is "The Garretson Chronicle," but I recall with pleasure that charming fantasy "A Summer's Tale," his novel about a college; "The Spire," and, most recently, "The World of Garrick's Cove," a solid, unsentimental re-creation of life on the Maine coast more than half a century ago.

"Winter Solstice" (Norton, $3.95) is the story of the unhappy Eustace family, who live in a suburb of Boston. The father has taken refuge in whiskey and a cheerful cynicism, the mother in Trollope and memories of ancestral glories. The three children have their troubles, too. The self-consciously emancipated Patience gets pregnant and attempts suicide. Buzz, a basketball star at Wyndham College (scene of "The Spire"), is responsible or thinks he is for the death of his roommate in an automobile accident, and loses his nerve. Mary Kyle, the oldest child, seems on the surface to be getting along all right, but she is hopelesly in love with a married man.

The novel, which covers just a year, shows the various Eustaces as they cope with their problems, but concentrates on Mary Kyle. She has eligible suitors, and the thought of marriage tempts her, but she can feel for no other man what she feels for John Rossiter. And it is through Rossiter that, in a curious way, she is saved, for he is killed in a brawl of the juvenile delinquents to whom he has devoted his life, and she takes over his job and his sense of purpose.

It sounds like a melodramatic conclusion, but Brace handles it quietly and convincingly. This is no miracle but the logical consequence of what we have learned about the characters of both Mary and John. Brace is not interested in miracles but in the normal flow of human existence. At the end of the book Patience has achieved a solution of a kind, but Buzz has not. Mr. Eustace's path seems to be brightening a little, but Mrs. Eustace has at last collapsed and died under her burdens.

As almost always in Brace's books, there is a suggestion of the decline of New England, and this is a subject on which Mrs. Eustace can be eloquent. On the other hand, Rossiter reminds Mary that a hundred years earlier, when New England was in its heyday, Thoreau wrote, "The majority of men lead lives of quiet desperation." Quiet desperation, in a variety of forms, is the novel's theme, and it is one to which Brace does justice, presenting the problems of each character with sympathy and respect.

Brace has been satisfied from the first to write rather subdued, slightly old-fashioned novels, and he has never made a great splash, though "The Garretson Chronicle" did have its season of popularity. But if he has not displayed a glittering talent, he has consistently brought intelligence, honesty, and craftsmanship to his work. His novels may not get talked about, but they can always be read with pleasure, and they stand up as many books that have been more loudly praised do not.

JO SINCLAIR, whose first novel, "Wasteland," won the Harper Prize contest in 1946, has written in **"Anna Teller"** (McKay, $5.95) a bigger, more energetic, far less disciplined novel than "Winter Solstice." This, too, is in part a story of family troubles, but they take a more dramatic form than the troubles Brace writes about, and they are related to issues of international importance.

The novel begins with Anna Teller in 1956, a woman of seventy-four who has fought in the Hungarian uprising. She is flying to the United States, and on her way she reconstructs the story of her life: her childhood in a Hungarian village, her marriage to a farmer and mill-owner, her success with the mill, the birth of her children, her husband's death, her removal to Budapest and success in business there. She thinks of the Nazi occupation and the death of two of her children, of the Communist regime, and then of the revolt and her part in it and her flight into Austria. It is quite a life that she has to look back on, the life of a proud, capable woman, nicknamed by her neighbors the "General."

Anna is on her way to Detroit, to live with her only surviving child, Emil, who went to America as a young man and has a prosperous bookstore, a wife, and two sons. We see Emil's household first through the eyes of the older of the boys, Steve, and we realize that Emil has mixed feelings about his mother, resentment of her domineering nature mingling with respect. Later we have the whole story from the point of view of Emil, who, on his way to meet his mother, reviews his life as Anna has reviewed hers.

The novel has another strand—the story of Abby and Mark, who were Emil's protégés back in the Thirties, when he was director of a WPA project. Mark works in Emil's store, and Abby, after some years in New York, returns to Detroit to do the same. She has with her Davey, her illegitimate son, the fruit of a most casual affair. (She has told everyone that his father, her husband, died in Korea.) Mark, a foundling, has problems of his own, and the relationship between the two follows an uneven course.

Anna arrives, strong in her pride, certain of the rightness of her views on everything from international politics to cooking. To Steve and to Abby she seems a wholly heroic figure. Her daughter-in-law, on the other hand, finds her something of a trial, and Emil grows more and more tense as time passes. After many complications there is a kind of reconciliation, but this is followed by a violent quarrel between Anna and Emil, and much has to happen before a solution of sorts can be reached. Meanwhile Abby and Mark, also after great difficulties, have achieved their solution.

IN trying to give everybody's side of the story, Miss Sinclair has made her task almost impossibly hard. The first section, the account of Anna's life, is firm and exciting, but the second section, written from Steve's point of view and in his vocabulary, is pretty lame, and Emil's outlining of an autobiographical novel turns out to be a clumsy device. As the novel develops, the romance of Abby and Mark comes to seem an unnecessary complication. Furthermore the large issues that are raised—Hungary, the Jews, American prosperity—have to be dealt with superficially. Miss Sinclair, to put it briefly, has tried to do too much.

But there is one thing she has succeeded in doing: she has made Anna a compelling figure. Anna is not romanticized; her faults are as sharply portrayed as her abundant virtues. But she is a true heroine, and most impressively so in the way she faces up to her failings. When I recommend the book to friends and to the patrons of our local library, as I have been doing, it is because I think they will enjoy meeting Anna Teller so much that the novel's faults will be forgiven.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Pioneer with a Scalpel

"Rudolph Matas," by Dr. Isidore Cohn and Hermann B. Deutsch *(Doubleday. 416 pp. $5.95), chronicles the professional and personal life of a surgeon famous for his innovational operations. The latest book by Marguerite Clark, medicine editor for Newsweek magazine, is "Medicine Today: A Report on a Decade of Progress."*

By Marguerite Clark

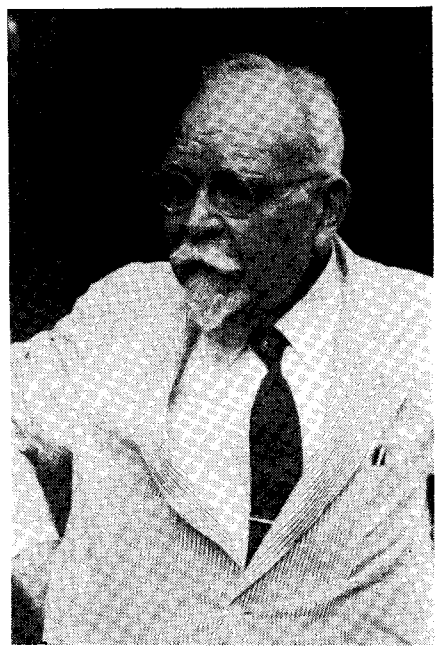
WHEN Dr. Isidore Cohn asked Dr. Rudolph Matas for permission to write his biography, the internationally famous New Orleans surgeon shook his head. "You would be too partial, Isidore," he said. Before his death in 1957 at the age of ninety-seven, Dr. Matas relented, and turned over his vast collection of papers, letters, and diaries to his one-time pupil and friend of half a century. The biography, which Dr. Cohn, a distinguished surgeon in his own right, has written in collaboration with Hermann B. Deutsch, a singularly perceptive New Orleans journalist, is an intimate, unbiased life story of one of medicine's greatest men. Happily, also, it is a first-rate report on a century of surgical progress in the United States, a fascinating social study of pre-twentieth-century New Orleans, and, unexpectedly, one of the best profiles yet offered of that strange literary genius Lafcadio Hearn.

Dr. Isidore Cohn—one-time pupil and long-time friend.

Rudolph Matas, only son of a Spanish doctor, was born September 12, 1860, at Bonnet Carre, Louisiana, some fifty miles downstream from New Orleans. At the age of seven the boy, along with thousands of other New Orleans residents, was stricken with yellow fever, the dread "Bronze John" as the disease was then called. Attended by his frantic father, Rudolph survived. Some seventy-seven years later, he had his blood tested, and found he still retained immunizing agents against yellow fever. Before he got his M.D., young Matas, who could speak Spanish and French, was selected as medical clerk for the first United States Yellow Fever Conference, held in Havana. While in Cuba, Rudolph made more than a hundred microscopic studies of living yellow fever organisms, which were destined within a year to help substantiate the theory of Dr. Juan Carlos Finlay that yellow fever was caused by mosquito stings.

In 1880, Rudolph, not yet twenty-one, got his medical degree and set up practice in a small New Orleans office. The turning point of his career came in March, 1888, when a brawny plantation field hand was admitted to Charity Hospital with a leaking aneurysm—a weakened blood vessel, something like a blister in an inner tube. The accepted treatment for this condition was to tie up the blood vessel on both sides of the "blister," a method developed by Dr. John Hunter of London. But, as most surgeons knew, gangrene, amputation, and death all too often followed the Hunter operation. To stop the dangerous leak in his particular patient's artery, Rudolph Matas tried every known technique. Finally, in a high-pitched voice, he announced to the operating-room attendants: "My, my, my, we will have to empty this sac, or dissect it right out of the arm."

Carrying on a steady, clucking monologue, punctuated by a succession of "my, my, mys" and an occasional "Con*fusion!*" (his favorite expletive), the surgeon opened the swollen aneurysm,



Dr. Rudolph Matas—"credited with a dozen 'firsts.'"

and, with exquisite precision, stitched the weakened places with sutures on the inside. The patient recovered, and fifteen days later left the hospital. In the next sixty years, Dr. Matas was to perform 650 blood vessel operations, of which at least 260 were on aneurysms of the large arteries.

With this new technique, hailed as "the greatest advance in vascular [blood vessel] surgery in 200 years," he achieved extraordinary fame. But it brought no personal happiness to a lonely man. In the first year of his practice, while attending a dying patient in Charity Hospital, Dr. Matas had seen across the bedside "a beautiful woman . . . with dark, fathomless eyes . . . who possessed me so completely the first time I met her that I realized in a single instant that I had found—and lost—the one woman who would make my life complete."

The brunette beauty was Adrienne Goslee Landry, daughter of the dying man, and a married woman. By her religious faith, and his, divorce was unthinkable. Not until 1895, when her marriage to Landry was annulled by the church, was "Dearest Adri" free to marry Rudolph Matas. They moved to a handsome mansion where, with Adrienne's two sons by her former marriage, they enjoyed twenty-three years of happy married life. Their only child, a son, died at birth.

In the long, desolate years between their meeting and marriage, Rudolph Matas lived an isolated existence, with few friends outside his profession. One evening in 1883 the eccentric, penny-a-line journalist Lafcadio Hearn called at his office for information about early

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Arabic medical practices and practitioners. The surgeon's quick response, drawn from his fantastically retentive memory, made the caller blink. Soon the doctor and the shy, equally lonely writer became inseparable companions. Their friendship flourished until Hearn took up residence in Japan; then the correspondence ceased. Of the writer, Rudolph Matas once observed: "His mind towered like a cloud-capped mountain on one side; while on the other, it was not only underdeveloped; it was a cavity."

Besides his operation for aneurysms, Rudolph Matas was credited with a dozen or more "firsts" in other fields. In the early days it was he who identified typhoid fever as an entity; up to then the disease had been regarded as a form of malaria. At Charity Hospital he performed the first thyroidectomy for a malignancy; he made the first attempt to relieve acute attacks of anemia by intravenous saline injections. His liquid injection techniques later led to the wide use of saline infusions for other disorders. In 1898 Dr. Matas cleared the way for more successful chest surgery with a new method for keeping the lungs inflated.

Perhaps the greatest threat to his career occurred in 1908, when the surgeon lost the sight of one eye from an infection caused by rubbing his eyelid with a soiled surgical garment after an operation. "As a cyclopean individual," would this interfere with his surgery? "No," he told a friend. "Despite marked astigmatism and myopia in my remaining eye, I have never done more minute and exacting work than in the seven years after the loss of my eye."

For nearly five years before his death Dr. Matas was almost totally blind. He used a wheel chair, but there were occasional revolts when he refused to ride an elevator installed in his home. "While no one can be very cheerful living in the penumbra of a ghost world, I am not rehearsing the lamentations of Job," he wrote to a friend. At his request, his funeral took place in the St. Charles Avenue house, from which his "Dearest Adri" had been buried in 1918.

Three years previously Dr. Matas had made a memorable address, "The Soul of a Surgeon," before the Mississippi State Medical Society. His biographers close their book with significant words from that speech: "The transition between life and death must be gentle in the winter of life. Death must be invested with a certain grandeur and poetry, if it comes to a man who has completed his mission. He has nothing to fear, nothing to dread."

Seventeenth-Century Coexistence

"Peter the Great: Emperor of All Russia," by Ian Grey *(Lippincott. 444 pp. $7.50), depicts the czar not as a "dynamic barbarian," but as a man dedicated to his country and his people. Ivar Spector of the Far Eastern and Russian Institute at the University of Washington is the author of several books on Russia, including "An Introduction to Russian History and Culture."*

By Ivar Spector

IN SPITE of Peter the Great's colorful personality and "volcanic energy," there is a comparative paucity of biographies of this first Russian emperor (1682-1725). Inside Russia he and his policies were for decades the subject of bitter controversy, especially by Slavophiles opposed to Russia's Western orientation. Leo Tolstoy, repelled by the alleged immorality and vulgarity of the monarch and his court, abandoned all plans for a biography of Peter. In Soviet times Alexei N. Tolstoy produced a novel (filmed by the gifted Sergei Eisenstein) which unabashedly depicted the debauchery of Peter's court, but also by implication drew laudatory comparisons between Peter's policies and those of Stalin.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Peter the Great, visiting an English dockyard — Woodcut, 1877.

This volume by Ian Grey is more than just another biography of Peter the Great. By design or accident, the author has created a new image of the emperor. From these pages Peter emerges, not as a "dynamic barbarian," but as a man of "humility and selflessness," dedicated to Russia and the Russian people. He is portrayed as the "antithesis of Louis XIV," an "autocrat uncorrupted by power," whose cruelty and barbarities were part of the age in which he lived, and as one of the "very great princes of history."

Whether or not his interpretation of Peter will be accepted by other scholars, Ian Grey has deftly substantiated his analysis with a wealth of primary source materials, chiefly Russian and English, some of which were collected in the USSR when this Australian author was attached to the British Military Mission in Moscow during World War II. There is room for doubt, however, as to his interpretation of the motives of Peter the Great.

What makes this biography such interesting reading is that it combines some of the best elements of the diary, the novel, and formal history. The author's descriptive powers, especially his depiction of numerous battle scenes, make the reader virtually an eyewitness to the most dramatic events of Peter's reign—"a hard reign for the whole nation."

The bulk of the biography is devoted to Peter's foreign relations and wars. Of the 444 pages in the book, only sixty-two deal with the emperor's domestic policies, with the reforms by which he sought to transform Russia from an underdeveloped country into a modern state.

According to Grey, the event which molded and shaped Peter's thinking and action throughout his reign was his visit, when still a teen-ager, to a storehouse some five miles from Moscow located on the estate of a forebear of the Romanovs, where he saw his first English boat, the "grandfather of the Russian Navy." Henceforth Peter's determination to make Russia a sea power became an obsession. The impression is given by the author that all Peter's subsequent decisions on domestic and foreign policy were subordinated to this objective. It likewise conditioned his

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attitude toward England. "The English island," he remarked, "is the best, most beautiful, and happiest that there is in the whole world."

The basis of Peter's foreign policy, as presented in this biography, was coexistence in Europe and expansion in Asia. Peter labored to unite European Christendom in a "holy alliance" against "infidel" Turkey. He pursued this objective for eighteen months as leader of the Grand Embassy to Western Europe (1697-98). Convinced that Sweden was responsible for the failure of his efforts to form a Western coalition, Peter retaliated by abandoning his crusade against Islam in order to conduct the "Northern War" against Charles XII—a conflict that lasted twenty-one years. This war, according to Grey, proved Peter to be "a greater monarch, a greater general, and a greater man" than Charles XII.

During this protracted period of hot and cold wars, however, Peter's popularity with the Russian people was at low ebb, as substantiated by numerous plots and uprisings. The reader experiences the war fatigue of the Russian masses. Not until he achieved peace with victory in 1721 was Peter acclaimed by the nation. It was then that the Senate asked him to assume the title "Father of the Fatherland, Peter the Great, Emperor of All Russia."

This biography is the best apology to date for some of the more controversial aspects of Peter's policy and action. It minimizes his mockery of the Orthodox Church, the implication being that he attacked the Orthodox hierarchy, which stubbornly resisted progress, rather than Russian Orthodoxy. Peter is represented as a deeply religious man, although far removed from the bigotry of his subjects. To lift the Iron Curtain between Orthodox Christianity and European Christendom he encouraged the erection of Lutheran and Roman Catholic churches in Moscow and elsewhere. Because of his tolerance foreign representatives in Russia ceased to regard the Russians as "baptized bears," and Russians in turn stopped labeling Protestants and Roman Catholics as "damned and unbaptized." In the words of the author, in Russia there was "no collision between the State and Church as in the West." There was "a revolution of customs and institutions, not of doctrine and ideas," which did not assault the national faith.

Grey's new image of Peter extends to the emperor's moral behavior. He contends that allegations of Peter's gross immorality stemmed largely from the unreliable gossip of the court and from disgruntled foreign hirelings, who disparaged the emperor's reputation in the West. The new image includes Peter's "only love," his second wife, Catherine I (erstwhile mistress of two of his subordinates), who bore Peter twelve children. There is enough material in this biography to provide the basis for a novel on Peter I and his Catherine.

Although the author has demonstrated the impact on Peter of the Grand Embassy's tour of Western Europe, he is silent as to its impact on the more than 250 persons who made up the emperor's entourage. While Peter's main purpose in exposing his entourage to European ideas and technology was to secure their support for his foreign polices and domestic reforms, it is obvious that this trip was a double-edged sword. As the members of the party became familiar with European ways, they imbibed European political doctrines at variance with those of an autocratic state. Thus they became the progenitors of the nineteenth-century leaders of Russian political and revolutionary movements—any study of which should start with Peter's opening of this window to the West. Mr. Grey's biography should serve to offset in part the traditional concept and interpretation of the emperor's conduct and policies.

GAEL WITHOUT GAB: The vehement, volatile, exuberant, sentimental Irishman, prone equally to tears or laughter, and modulating—often with the aid of liquor—between elation and despair, was a caricature (not wholly unfounded in fact) long familiar to Americans. If—despite the popularity in Ireland of austere figures like Parnell and de Valera—there are those who still cherish such a stereotype, Padraic Colum's admirable and much-needed biography, **"Ourselves Alone: The Story of Arthur Griffith and the Origin of the Irish Free State"** (Crown, $6), may supply a needed corrective.

Mr. Colum quotes a saying of Parnell: "You would never get the young men to sacrifice themselves for so unlucky a country as Ireland only they picture her as a woman." However, to Arthur Griffith, the first premier of the Irish Free State, poetic images like those of Cathleen ni Houlihan or Dark Rosaleen appealed as little as, for different reasons, they did to James Joyce. A small, stocky man, his shortsighted eyes peering behind thick glasses, his mouth hidden under a heavy mustache, Griffith was dour, taciturn, and undemonstrative. Churchill once referred to him as "that unusual figure—a silent Irishman; he hardly ever said a word." But Sir Winston also paid tribute to his old antagonist as a "quaint little man of great heart and great purpose."

The "great purpose" of Arthur Griffith was to free his native land. For that he went to jail three times, and risked his life on a number of occasions. A journalist by profession, abhorring violence and pursuing democratic means, Griffith founded in 1905 the separatist organization, Sinn Féin (Ourselves Alone). Where Parnell had sought Home Rule through Westminster, Griffith wished to use the existing electorial machinery to establish an independent Parliament in Dublin.

As leader of the Irish delegation to London in 1921—after the two years' terror of the Black and Tans—Griffith secured British recognition of the Irish Free State. In Mr. Colum's considered judgment, he deserves on this account to be ranked with Parnell as one of "the two statesmen that Ireland produced in a century."

As the subtitle of his book implies, Mr. Colum has written not only a biography of Griffith, but a narrative of Irish history during a very critical epoch. Despite the fact that—after a lifetime devoted to literature—this is his first biography, Mr. Colum has written a work of sound historical scholarship. His book is clear, well written, and well documented. He has handled with charity and understanding, and with complete absence of rancor, questions which still arouse passion in Ireland. Mr. Colum is to be congratulated on a fine accomplishment in what is for him an entirely new *genre*.

—Giovanni Costigan.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 895

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 895 will be found in the next issue.

QA BCLKGK&L NPPN
QA BCCBHLDAKLM
KA PFPHM SQZQGKLM;
Q CPNNKGKNL
NPPN Q SQZQGKLM
KA PFPHM
BCCBHLDAKLM
–QDLXBH DAEABYA

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 894

A wise woman will always let her husband have her way.

—Sheridan.

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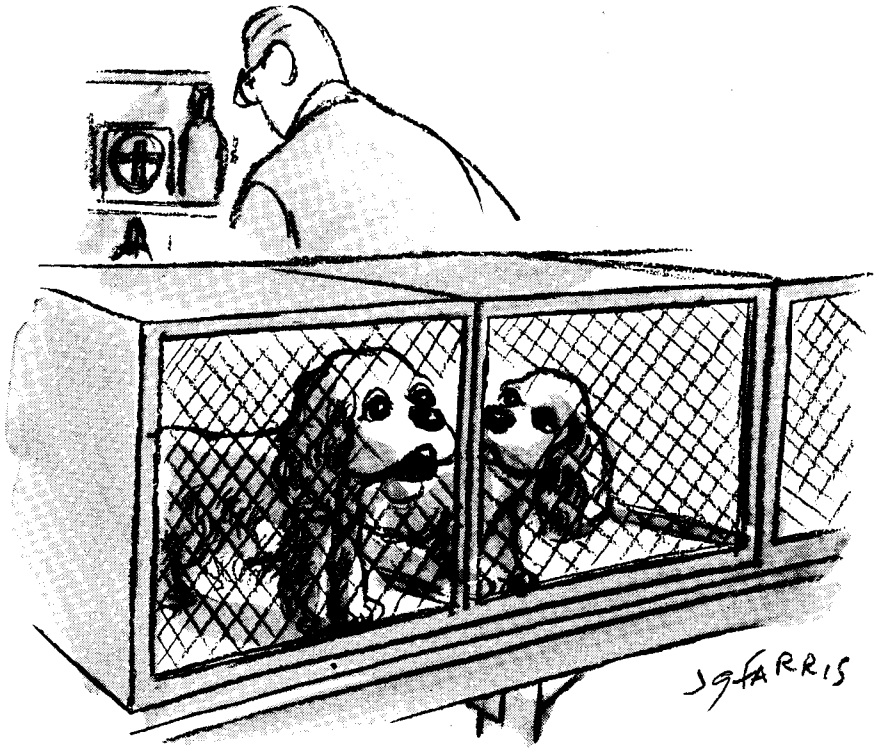
Yesterday's Answer to Tomorrow

"In Search of Humanity: The Role of the Enlightenment in Modern History," by Alfred Cobban *(Braziller. 245 pp. $4.50), asks what has become of our eighteenth-century heritage of human dignity, justice, and freedom. Otis Fellows, who has published numerous studies on the French Enlightenment, is professor of French literature at Columbia University.*

By Otis Fellows

FROM the earliest times and depending on the age, man has variously regarded himself in relation to the world about him with fear, awe, bewilderment, curiosity, and—upon occasion—assurance. Therein, in its broadest terms, lies the history of the human race. Then, more limited in scope, there is the theme of man in an expanding universe when the sciences are being given increased emphasis, lay morality is offering a serious challenge to formal religious dogma, political theory and practice are assuming disturbing dimensions, and the search for new art forms has perceptibly quickened. At first glance it is a theme that might seem to apply to the twentieth century, and to the twentieth century alone. It is a subject and a situation, however, which are more characteristic of another period, that of the Enlightenment.

The term "Enlightenment" is generally applied to an intellectual and moral revolution having its beginnings in seventeenth-century France and England, and reaching its apogee in Western Europe and colonial America at the time of the Declaration of Independence and the French Revolution. It signifies the popularization and dissemination in literary form of scientific knowledge, and—perhaps still more important—an all-pervasive philosophic and critical spirit based on certain well-defined tenets. Chief of these are a sincere belief in the idea of progress, the use of the experimental method in science, the free and unfettered application of the God-given faculty of reason in all affairs human and divine, and the conviction that reason, controlled by experience, is, despite its limitations, the best judge and guide available for the conduct of life.



"People prefer us with shortened tails, for some reason. They say the pain goes away after a couple of months."

The Enlightenment and its ideals have, of late, been the object of much analysis and innumerable studies, for the truth of the matter is, the period holds a peculiar fascination for today's thoughtful reader. Nor are the reasons for this hard to find. It is an age that fought for religious toleration, discredited the all too common practice of torture, denounced slavery, condemned arbitrary police powers, and proclaimed the main goal of government to be the greatest happiness for the greatest number. These are principles—and they could be added to—that the average, decent member of twentieth-century Western society can and does endorse with little hesitation. And yet the rise of the great totalitarian dictatorships of the past fifty years has made a mockery of so many of them. A general malaise, an acute uneasiness stalks abroad, and the ever-present menace of war and nuclear destruction only increases the heightened tension to which contemporary society has fallen victim.

But why should this be so? "In Search of Humanity," by Alfred Cobban of the University of London, is the latest in a long series of books that go back to the Enlightenment in an attempt to ascertain what has become of our eighteenth-century heritage of human dignity, justice, and freedom. Many of Mr. Cobban's immediate predecessors, in analyses far longer and more detailed than the present one, have held the period to be directly responsible—either through success or failure—for the horrors of the modern world. For some, the Enlightenment failed in that it was incapable of replacing with more enduring ideals the traditional values and absolute standards it had so blithely destroyed. For others, it succeeded only too well in its attempts to make possible not only the Marquis de Sade's extreme espousal of evil but also the multitude of nihilistic or totalitarian possibilities suddenly made reality by the French Revolution.

In this little book, with a judiciousness often marked by wit and urbanity, Mr. Cobban avoids the temptation of adopting for his own either of these extreme and, indeed, negative positions. He is fully aware that intellectual history follows no neat, logical course, and that the Enlightenment, as a many-sided movement with varied consequences, must not be forced into any simple pattern. The author begins his inquiry with what he calls "the increasing re-brutalization of contemporary

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life," then, turning to the Enlightenment itself, shows slowly and step by step how the movement brought with it a great change, not in human nature (for, after all, just how subject is human nature to change?) but in human behavior, and thus effected an ethical revolution.

Mr. Cobban's ultimate conclusion is far from that of anguish and bleak despair found among so many of his contemporaries; rather, it is one of quiet, restrained hope as he tells us:

> Within strict geographical limits, and if we judge the Enlightenment by something more modest than world-wide success, we must admit that where it took root its influence was lasting. Its tolerant, liberal, scientific, reforming ideals have survived in those nations of Western Europe, and their overseas extensions, where they first became influential; and the great totalitarian dictatorships which shortly dominated the world now seem less the portentous anticipation of the future than the last monstrous survivals of an earlier age.

All in all, "In Search of Humanity" is a challenging book and one that should prove of interest and value to the thoughtful layman conscious of today's political and moral pressures throughout the world in general, and sensitive to the forthcoming pre-election oratory on the national scene in particular.

The Tortuous Road of Knowledge

"The Firmament of Time," by Loren Eiseley *(Atheneum. 182 pp. $3.50), grapples with the meaning of nature, man, and the universe and arrives at some provocative conjectures. Joseph Wood Krutch wrote "Human Nature and the Human Condition."*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

THE AUTHOR of this book is a first-rate scientist whose knowledge is enlivened by a powerful imagination, a man who writes with extraordinary eloquence as well as precision. For the six lectures delivered under the Markle Foundation he chose the largest possible subject—the nature of nature, the nature of man, the meaning of the universe. And it is doubtful if anyone ever said more on so large a subject in so short a compass. Standing as it were on the shoulders of all the thinkers and searchers who have preceded him, Professor Eiseley looks back along the twisting road which knowledge and thought have progressed, gazes around him to consider where we now stand, and peers forward the short distance we can even seem to perceive the doubtful future of thought and behavior.

What he sees in the past is, first of all, what all historians of science see, namely, the growth in the human mind of a world picture dominated by the concept of nature's predictable regularity and the consequent growth of man's power to manipulate and control. But, unlike the conventional historian, he rejects both "the simplistic idea that science marches undeviatingly down an ever-broadening highway" and the comforting faith that, since we are now unmistakably freed from error at last, the future will inevitably be more and more glorious both physically and spiritually.

Even within the last two or three centuries established scientific truths, so called, have turned out to be false, not merely in detail but fundamentally. The erratic boulders scattered over northern Europe "proved" that the "Continent had undergone catastrophic floods" before they proved instead that they had been deposited by glaciers. Darwin demonstrated how evolution had taken place and convinced the scientific world that he was right despite the fact that his case rested on a belief in the inheritance of acquired characteristics, in the importance of sexual selection, and in the accumulation of always minute variations—in none of which a modern evolutionist believes. Scientists, far from being exempt from human error, are also not exempt from human weakness, since one and the same man has often been both a searcher after truth and a victim of prejudice, envy, and superstition. From all of this the lesson to be learned is not disrespect for science but simply a regard for it this side of idolatry. Because we, laymen as well as scientists, do tend to become idolaters what begins as heresy turns (as T. H. Huxley warned that it would) into superstition.

During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries increasing emphasis upon the concept of law and regularity turned the celestial universe into a machine, then turned the animal into a machine also, and finally man into the animal which is also a machine. Thanks to our almost exclusive concern with the workings of the various machines, we have learned how we might make the earth uninhabitable—and at the same time we have lost much of what might have restrained us from implementing that knowledge.

> We in the Western world have rushed eagerly to embrace the future. . . . Now, stunned, puzzled, and dismayed, we try to withdraw from the embrace, not of a necessary tomorrow, but of that future which we have invited, and of which, at last, we have grown perceptibly afraid. In a sudden horror we discover that the years now rushing upon us have drained our moral resources and have taken shape out of our own impotence.

But is this vision of the universe, including man, as a machine without purpose, tendency, meaning, or value—that vision which Darwin finally fastened upon us—is it the final, sad, terrible truth or is it only another of the many false or incomplete concepts which have time and again been replaced by others? That it may be precisely such, is suggested by the historical outline which Professor Eiseley so vividly draws. If it is false or incomplete, then what does it leave out? What additions, corrections, or even guesses can we, without falling into mere wishful thinking, find it possible to give?

Perhaps the best answer is the modest and careful one which the author gave a student who interrupted a lecture to ask, "Doctor, do you believe there is a direction to evolution? Do you believe, Doctor. . . . Doctor, do you believe?" His answer (which is the conclusion to the present book) is too long to give here; but it is foreshadowed in previous pages. Looking back to earliest times he describes what he sees:

> Into this world machine . . . a ghost came, a ghost whose step must have been as light and imperceptible as the first scurry of a mouse in Cheops's tomb . . . a little green in a fulminating spring, some strange objects floundering and helpless in the ooze of the tide line, something beating, beating, like a heart until a mounting thunder goes up through the towering strata. . . . "It is carbon," says one as the music fades within his ear. "It is done with amino acids," contributes another. "It rots and ebbs into the ground," growls a realist. "It began in the mud," criticizes a dreamer. "It endures pain," cries a sufferer. "It is evil," sighs a man of many disillusionments. . . . Man has, in scientific terms, become natural, but the nature of his "naturalness" escapes him.

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Understudies to Violence

"The Beardless Warriors," by Richard Matheson *(Little, Brown. 337 pp. $4.50), and* ***"Captain Cat," by Robert Holles*** *(Macmillan. 222 pp. $3.50), demonstrate the different results obtainable from essentially the same fictional ingredients: in this instance, embattled sixteen- to eighteen-year-olds. Daniel Talbot, editor of "Film: An Anthology," comments frequently for SR on contemporary novels.*

By Daniel Talbot

"A TEEN-AGER don't bring anything to war but himself," says tough (but really soft-hearted) Sergeant Cooley in Mr. Matheson's first novel, which is about a squad of eighteen-year-old recruits and their assault on a German town in December, 1944. The quote is effective if somewhat superficial (I don't see that a non-teenager brings anything more than himself to war either). Although Mr. Holles's book is also about teen-agers (fifteen- to sixteen-year-olds) his boys are not at war: they are being prepared for it at Hurlingford, an English training battalion.

Really, it isn't entirely fair to discuss these two works together because Mr. Matheson's novel, though it attempts less, is much better written and conceived than Mr. Holles's, which tries a lot more and fails in most of it. The second tale is a first-person narrative by a young fellow named Harry Bell, who tells in painstaking detail and often painmaking colloquial speech (if you think our slang is tough, take a look at the English) about his experiences at Hurlingford and in particular with another young trainee, Rex Boone, decidedly an outsider at the camp. Boone tries to convince Bell that people are divided into two groups—the "pack faction" (the masses) and the "independent faction" (the individuals)—not a very original notion in the first place, but subversive enough in the army. Although Bell is won over for awhile, he turns out ultimately a worse "packer" than anyone else, mainly because he is so hypocritical about it: ". . . You've got to wait for the right conditions if you want to be an inde. When you're surrounded by packers on every side, you've got to pretend you're a packer yourself. That's the way I look at it." Though Mr. Holles has not managed to stir up much real interest or concern with Bell throughout the book, this final statement—coming as it does after Boone's suicide—alienates us completely from the fictional author.

Writing a novel in the conversational first-person is difficult enough, since the writer must be careful not to allow his own intelligence to impose itself on the character of the storyteller, whose cultural level may not be so high, as is the case here. But choosing a particularly uninteresting, rarely illuminating speaker, we are never sure which side of the fence Mr. Holles is really on. He is telling us nothing new if he means to say that army life is the epitome of organizationalism, that the nonconformist must either be converted or destroyed; James Jones did all that much better in "From Here to Eternity." The book has been compared with Salinger's "The Catcher in the Rye," but I can't see that at all, except in its most superficial aspects. No matter how many shortcomings Holden Caulfield had, he was consistently amusing, witty, self-revealing, sad; Harry Bell, for the most part, is just dull and rather annoying. Holden was an individual; Harry isn't. (Just as the letter writers in "Pal Joey" or "You Know Me, Al" were distinct personalities, not necessarily likable, but at least you could respect them as fascinating fictional creations speaking for themselves.) There are enough good things in "Captain Cat" (looking for girls, barracks life, hazing) to make a nice, compact short story of about sixty pages; but it goes on for nearly four times that length—too long to be in the company of a person who is anything but appealing or even exciting.

The plot and situations in Mr. Matheson's book are less original than in Mr. Holles's; you've seen it all before in a hundred Hollywood war pictures—but at least the story is well told, unpretentious, and continually absorbing. Hackermeyer has had a loveless childhood, is insecure, morose, even morbid in his thoughts; he has a deathwish, and no feeling for other people; but, slowly, as he is whisked through the hell of war, he learns understanding, compassion, love. He even find a "father" in Sarge Cooley, who guides him in the path of manhood. Mr. Matheson writes his story simply and solidly, the dialogue is exact, the characters believable and pitiable, the circumstances chilling and horrible.

Especially effective are Mr. Matheson's descriptions of combat—vivid, terse, and realistic. The growing change in Hackermeyer is predictable yet strangely moving, and though many of the novel's incidents are by now war-genre clichés, the author seems aware of them, usually placing in Hackermeyer's mind the thought that what he's doing reminds him of some old "B" movie—a pretty clever way of anticipating criticism. Stylistically, the author occasionally overworks his metaphors, and certainly overuses self-invented, hyphenated adjectives ("blood-filmed haze, pain-sharpened intentness, sleep-dulled eyes, leaf-thick ground,

—*Bill Idelson.*

Richard Matheson—"vivid, terse, realistic."

—*Erich Hartmann-Magnum.*

Robert Holles—"fuzzy and confusing."

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foliage-shadowed branch," etc.), but on the whole his book shows a narrative excellence and descriptive talent that is quite commendable.

Though both novels are ghost-ridden and evidently at least semi-autobiographical, "Captain Cat" is fuzzy and confusing, while "The Beardless Warriors" is clean, readable, and honest. I don't think the latter is a particularly important book or a very memorable one either; maybe if the theme ("Perhaps love is the answer") were farther removed from the Paddy Chayefsky-type penny-analyst naturalism the novel's over-all impression would be deeper. As it stands, the characters are likable, the battle scenes are clearly, graphically detailed, the dialogue is truthful; "The Beardless Warriors" would—with a different, snappier title—make a very good movie.

A Montage of Manhattan Misfits

"The Double View," by Chandler Brossard *(Dial. 188 pp. $3.50), surrealistically pictures the inner-outer lives of a half-dozen New Yorkers corroded with self-loathing. The author of "False Coin," Harvey Swados teaches at Sarah Lawrence College.*

By Harvey Swados

ALTHOUGH he is still on the sunny side of forty, Chandler Brossard has been categorized for a number of years as a forerunner of the East Coast beats. His two early novels, "Who Walk in Darkness" and "The Bold Saboteurs," with their savage nihilism and violent cynicism, were taken as a prefiguring of later literary disaffiliation from contemporary society. Despite its Manhattan locale and *dramatis personae,* his new novel would seem to indicate that Mr. Brossard's primary relationship is not so much to the beats as to certain older European novelists.

"The Double View" examines, in a series of very swift episodes, a brief period in the lives of some half-dozen New Yorkers all of whom are afflicted in one way or another with lovelessness and self-hatred. Carter Barrows, perhaps the most lucid of the entire circle (at least he is most painfully aware of the extent of his malignant distrust of his friends) is being subjected to shock treatment in an insane asylum, where he is visited periodically by those who claim to care, but in reality like him as little as they like themselves.

There is Rand, who calls conscientiously on Carter but is not above commencing an affair with Carter's lonely and guilty wife, Janine. There is Margaret, the moneyed nymphomaniac who despises Carter, but cannot resist sending him an appeal for funds for the Spanish Loyalist refugees. There is Christopher Hawkins, the bearded Negro professor who becomes Margaret's lover after pursuing Rand with ballet tickets and intellectual chatter. There is Phillips, the anti-Gentile Jew whose hobby is girls, and who is keeping tabs on Margaret's affairs and on Rand's seduction of Janine. And there is Harry, the glib and venomous adman who can bear the banalities of his existence only by living a secret second life as Eddie Brien, a hoodlum getting his kicks from muggings and pandering to the specialized appetites of people like Margaret.

—*Vachon.*

Chandler Brossard—"one is reminded of the novels of Andre Gide."

All of these desperate lives are connected. Some seem organically intertwined, like poisonous creeping plants which search one another out in the darkness and the slime; others collide as a consequence of certain gratuitous acts performed out of boredom and disgust by people like Harry and Phillips. Whatever the bases for these connections, violence erupts as Carter "escapes" from the asylum to the larger crazy world, and Hawkins, humiliated in his underwear at the ballet and in his nakedness at Margaret's, becomes an accomplice of Eddie's in a murderous plot which misfires in an Elizabethan climax. Every incident is related to every individual's dual life—inner life-outer life, mundane life-wishful life—by a method that veers away sharply from realism and toward parable and allegory.

In fact, Mr. Brossard is quite justified in his claim that "The Double View" is "a stringently moralistic book." While by the norms of conventional morality it may be distasteful, and even repugnant, it does aim to articulate an attitude which springs from profound disgust with a corrupted humanity and from profound belief that man could be better than he is. One is reminded of the novels of André Gide (the significance of the gratuitous act performed by a free-floating nihilist is underlined) and of the Jean-Paul Sartre of "Nausea" and the essay "Anti-Semite and Jew." It was in the latter work that Sartre adumbrated his concept of the "authentic" and the "inauthentic" Jew, one as the man who (among other things) proudly accepts his heritage and the other as the man who denies it and so turns his life into a fraud. It is this concept that pervades "The Double View," peopled as it is throughout with inauthentic human beings, Negroes who cannot accept their color, women who cannot live with their femininity, intellectuals who cannot use their brains for any constructive purpose.

It is only unfortunate that Mr. Brossard has chosen to develop such a complex theme in so brief a compass. If ever a book demanded a gradual unfolding it is this one, which has instead been compressed into what is little more than a novelette. In consequence, although it is written with wit, passion, and pity, it yields not steadily as it should, but only fitfully, a credible view of a set of dislocated and tormented human beings.

COLONISTS AND CARIOCAS: The time is certainly opportune for a novel about American business colonies abroad. **"Away from Home,"** by Rona Jaffe (Simon & Schuster, $4.50), however, isn't it. And this reviewer would bet that no one knows it better than Rona Jaffe.

This young author's talent for merchandising plot has already caused her first novel, a slice of New York career girl life, to be converted into a star-spangled movie. There is reason to think that "Away from Home" will enjoy a similar fate.

Brazil is the setting for this novel, and it centers on the American colony living high off the hog in Rio. For each American husband, intrigued by his ambitions, there is a wife with time on her hands—most particularly beautiful, passionate, blonde Helen Sinclair, and beautiful, frigid, brunette Margie Da-

(*Continued on page* 39)

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Down East Folklore Offshore

"The Maine Islands: In Story and Legend," by Dorothy Simpson *(Lippincott. 256 pp. $5.50), and* ***"The Story of Mount Desert Island, Maine," by Samuel Eliot Morison*** *(Little, Brown. 81 pp. $3.50), extol areas whose natural beauty and lure for summer residents can never be ruined by tourism. Gorham Munson wrote "Penobscot: Down East Paradise."*

By Gorham Munson

DOROTHY SIMPSON, who herself lives on a Muscongus Bay island, has "processed" with competence an interesting book from material compiled by the Maine Writers Research Club about the Maine islands from the Isles of Shoals at the New Hampshire border to St. Croix Island at the Canadian border. In the processing the usual proportion of errors (one to a chapter?) that plagues books about Maine has been sustained: it's not Gurdon Saltonstall but Commodore Dudley Saltonstall who ran away from the British fleet in 1779, and Estévan Gomes called the Penobscot River not after himself but *Río de las Gamas* ("River of the Deer"). There is something about Maine that seems to make even the best professional historians error-prone.

For example, in his new book about Mount Desert Island, Samuel Eliot Morison brings the Red Paint People into Maine in 1000 A.D., which is several thousand years after they mysteriously vanished from that region. However, the little mistakes in "The Maine Islands" do not detract from the interest of the many stories and legends collected by the late Eric Kelly, Doris Ricker Marston, and other members of the Maine Writers Research Club.

Here are gruesome tales of Indian raids in the late seventeenth century; persisting rumors of treasure buried by pirates—Kidd, Teach, Dixy Bull—and portraits aplenty of flavorsome individuals who have lived on these islands. Maine has so many islands that almost anyone who has traveled the coast will regret that a favorite has been omitted (my regret is over the slighting of Indian Island at Old Town), but in view of their number the selection of islands should not be berated.

Among the more interesting are Boon, about which Kenneth Roberts wrote a novel; Mackworth in Casco Bay, where a famous horse-tamer, the "Whisperer," lived; Ragged Island, associated with Elisha Kellogg and Edna St. Vincent Millay; Loud's Island, which was left off the maps and was stateless; Monhegan, popular with painters; Isle au Haut, which is to lose the Point Lookout Clubhouse in exchange for a summer home; Swan's Island, named for the dashing Colonel Swan, the adventurer who lived in style in a French jail for eighteen years; and the Cranberry Isles off Mount Desert. Because of brevity, many of the sketches in "The Maine Islands," like that of Mount Desert Island, are inadequate. But the spectacular and magnificent scenery of Mount Desert long ago received its praise in the romantic prose of Francis Parkman, and it is now the subject of an informal little book by Admiral Morison, which he rightly calls a labor of love for the people and the place.

Admiral and Mrs. Morison aboard their yawl at Northeast Harbor, Maine.

The longest chapter in "The Story of Mount Desert Island, Maine" is on the inhabitants, men and women with "character and guts . . . a Godfearing people . . . naturally intelligent if not intellectual." "I hope," Admiral Morison adds, "that we summer visitors from heavily populated regions, where courtesy and friendliness have been almost crowded out, may absorb something of those human qualities which, over and above the magnificent scenery, make Mount Desert to me, after almost seventy summers, still fresh, exciting, and a blessed country."

To him "Mount Desert is not merely an island; it is a way of life to which one becomes addicted; and if we are permitted in the hereafter to enter that abode where the just are made perfect, let us hope that it may have some resemblance to Champlain's *Isles des Monts Déserts.*"

For more recent history of the island the reader is referred by the author to that model of town histories, Richard W. Hale's "Story of Bar Harbor"—which provides a pretext for voicing regret that Morison's labor of love is not twice as long at it is.

—From "The Story of Mount Desert Island."

Stephen, Albert, Charles, and Sam Higgins—each the proprietor of a hotel at Bar Harbor in 1873.

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SONG OF PRAISE: The theme of **"This Is the American Earth,"** by Ansel Adams and Nancy Newhall (Sierra Club, $15), a beautiful picture-and-text book, is stated in its final sentence: "Tenderly now let all men turn to the earth." This is a radical doctrine today, when man seems to have declared war on this earth of his own origins; when men all over the earth seem determined to level its hills, fill its valleys, foul its waters, drain its marshes, poison its atmosphere, sterilize its soil, and wipe out its natural populations. But such radicalism is needed today and should be widely applauded.

This book had its beginnings in an exhibit of photographs and text designed to explain the national parks. With the help of the Smithsonian Institution and the United States Information Service that exhibit achieved a worldwide audience. Now the substance of it has been put between book covers under the auspices of the Sierra Club, a California organization founded by John Muir in 1892 and dedicated to the cause of conservation.

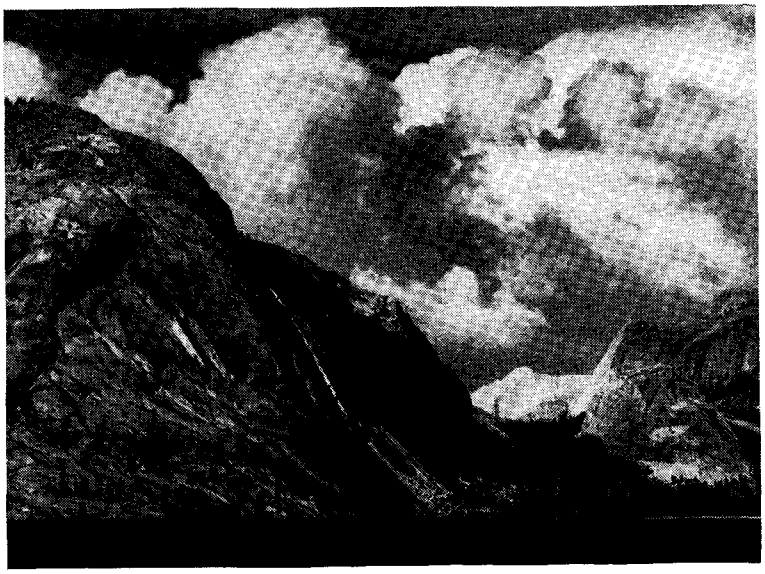
The book is lavish with photographs. Approximately half of them were taken by Ansel Adams, and they are spectacular. Most of them are of the unspoiled country of the Far West. Other pictures range from the lovely Eliot Porter bird studies to the starkly telling housing-development photographs of William Garnett. Ferenc Berko's "Bathers on the Ganges" tells of teeming humanity, but one wonders if a similar study made at Jones Beach or Coney Island might not be equally effective. After all, this book is titled "This Is the American Earth," and the East is virtually unrepresented in it.

Nancy Newhall's text is arranged in poetic form and at times achieves a singing line. "Ah, we remember Eden!—the radiant vernal earth to which we waked as king!" But a few lines quoted from Robinson Jeffers make much of the text, splendid though its purpose, seem rather pedestrian.

The text is divided into an "Overture" and six sections, the first two dealing with man's history and the coming to America, the next three with the processes of spoliation and exploitation of the land, the final one with man's spirit, "The Crucial Resource."

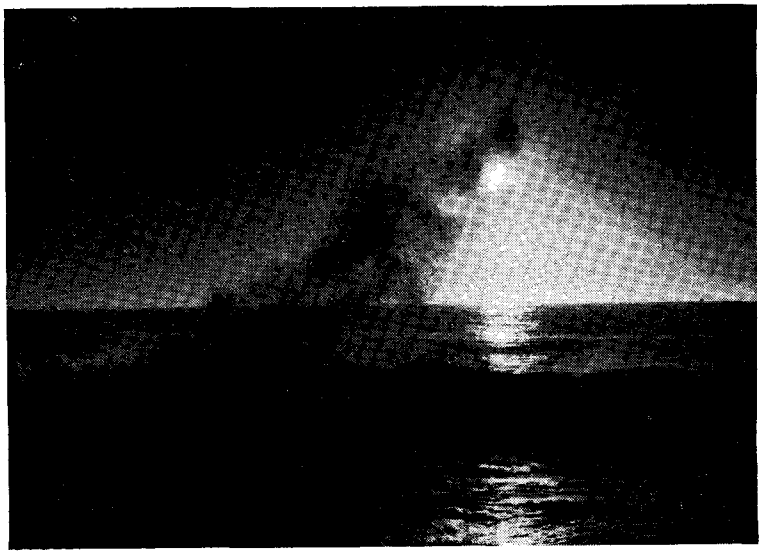
As a whole, the book is a well-stated sermon with an eloquent purpose. Essentially it is a song of praise to the earth, a prayer and supplication for its endurance. We can use such songs and prayers. —HAL BORLAND.

—Photographs are from the book.



"Tenaya Lake, Yosemite," by Ansel Adams.

"Irrigation, Salinas Valley, California," by Ansel Adams.



"Wave and Sun, the Pacific," by Perkle Jones.

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

WHAT'S NEW: David Ross, who produced a Chekhov cycle with great success on New York's Off-Broadway, will turn his attention this fall to Ibsen, using Michael Meyer's translations. For those to whom theatre-going is a vicarious activity, Anchor Books is providing the Meyer versions of the Ibsen plays, extending from "Brand" all the way to "John Gabriel Borkman" . . . Mothermanship, according to Grosset & Dunlap, is the art of seeming to be a marvelous mother, and to further this effect they are publishing a handy guide entitled "How to Amuse and Outwit Important People Under Ten," by Charlotte Heiman and Betsy Pearson. After reading this book you are certain to one-up any mother in the neighborhood. . . . For many years Bernard Perry, director of Indiana University Press, has nurtured the idea of sponsoring an American literary series in both paperback and hardcover. Now that Edwin Cady has joined Indiana's faculty, Perry's dream has come true. Professor Cady, a distinguished William Dean Howells scholar, will direct the series, which will get under way with publication of two little-known Howells novels, "The Leatherwood God" and "The Son of Royal Langbrith." . . . After a brief browse through Modern Library's "An Anthology of Russian Literature in the Soviet Period," it's easy to see what a storehouse of proverbs Khrushchev has to draw upon. How about these: "A frightened foe is a beaten foe"; "Lie, but in moderation"; or this old saw on the subject of luck, "Some folks are born wearing a shirt." —R.W.S.

LITERARY MEN

Leo Tolstoy kept two diaries, one for possible publication, the other for his own eyes. "**Last Diaries**" (Capricorn, $1.35), translated by Lydia Weston-Kesich, was of the latter group. Written in 1910, when Tolstoy was eighty-two years old and beloved by the world, the book reveals how his personal life was tormented by domestic rows, followed by spells of self-disgust. In this last year of his life, he wrote in his journal:

"I have rarely met a man who is more endowed with all the vices than I: voluptuousness, self-interest, malice, vanity, and especially self-love. I thank God that I know this, have perceived all this filth in myself, and am still struggling against it. This is what explains the success of my writings."

Maxim Gorky, Russian dramatist, storyteller, essayist, recalls in "**My Childhood**" (Evergreen, $1.75), translated by Isidor Schneider, his early years when, after the death of his mother, he lived with his grandparents in Nizhny Novgorod. The descriptions of the life of the Russian poor during the late nineteenth century are relieved only by Gorky's poetic retelling of his boyhood appreciation of whatever meager pleasures came his way.

William York Tindall in his study "**James Joyce**" (Evergreen, $1.45) untangles the web of symbolism and myth in Joyce's writings. The emphasis is upon the later works, particularly "Finnegans Wake." Mary Freeman's "**D. H. Lawrence**" (Universal, $1.45) is yet another attempt to discern the "real" man. Shunning the psychoanalytic explanations, Mrs. Freeman explores the essence of Lawrence's ideas in the belief that "the rigorous dichotomizing of the artist from the prophet destroys the basic unity of his work, and . . . the attribution of his incongruities to inspired mysticism or to hopeless irrationality not only throws him over to the cultists but excludes him from the serious consideration which is his due."

"**The Poetry and Prose of Heinrich Heine**" (Citadel, $1.95), edited by Frederic Ewen, is an attempt to represent in one volume all the various facets of Heine's art: his poetry, prose, journalism, essays, philosophy. Among the most interesting selections are Heine's accounts of political and social developments in Germany during the first half of the nineteenth century.

In his introduction to "**The Selected Writings of Lafcadio Hearn**" (Citadel, $1.75) Malcolm Cowley writes, "Unlike many authors with broader talents, he had the *métier*, the vocation for writing, the conscience that kept him working over each passage until it had the exact color of what he needed to say: and in most cases, the colors have proved fast." This anthology includes three novelettes, many stories, and essays on America, the Caribbean, and his beloved Japan, where Hearn, after a lifetime of wanderings, was buried with full Buddhist ceremony in 1904.

HISTORY

Evergreen Encyclopedia Series boasts two new studies: Harold Livermore's "**A History of Spain**" ($2.95) and André Maurois's "**A History of France**" ($3.95). When Maurois's book was published in hard cover in 1957, *SR*'s reviewer called it "a long sustained song of love." It is just that in its admiring account of French history in terms of the splendid men who dominated France's past. From Charlemagne to the Fifth Republic, this comprehensive survey is lightened by Maurois's graceful style. Whereas Maurois relates 2,000 years of French history, Harold Livermore reports on Spain's past through 40,000 years. The scholarship is more obvious here than in Maurois's book, the tone less bright. Unfortunately, neither book is illustrated.

Ferdinand Schevill reveals the aston-

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ishing complexity of Florentine life in **"The Medici"** (Torchbooks, $1.45), which tells of that ambitious family's power and glory in just about every aspect of endeavor in fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Italy. Famed medievalist G. G. Coulton's **"Medieval Village, Manor, and Monastery"** (Torchbooks, $2.45) presents a meticulously detailed portrait of life in the Middle Ages. For all the comparative elegance of manorial living, the picture that emerges is one of harshness and brutality, which everywhere dominated the scene. Life during the Restoration was a far merrier time, according to **"A Restoration Reader"** (Evergreen, $2.45), edited by James Holly Hanford. When Charles II claimed the throne in 1660 his subjects acted as if the Puritan night had given way to a reveler's dawn. It was the time of Pepys and Dryden, of Wycherly and Congreve, all of whom are represented in this anthology along with numerous other contemporary observers of seventeenth-century history and behavior.

SCIENCE

For those readers whose curiosity about the world around them is greater than their knowledge, Viking Explorer Series has provided a group of generally well-written books on various aspects of science by distinguished authorities from the past and the present. Included among the most recent group are: Michael Faraday's "The Chemical History of a Candle," Katherine B. Shippen's "Men of Medicine," Robert Baker's "When the Stars Come Out," William Beebe's "Adventuring with Beebe," John Stewart Collis's "The Triumph of the Tree," Willy Ley's "Engineers' Dreams," Sir George Thomson's "The Foreseeable Future," Haroun Tazieff's "Caves of Adventure." Prices range from 95¢ to $1.45 and most of the books are illustrated with sketches and photographs.

The Science Library, a division of Harper Torchbooks, also provides authoritative studies, but whereas such volumes as A. J. Cain's "Animal Species and Their Evolution" and Angus d'A. Bellairs's "Reptiles" provide the layman with interesting information, others in the series—H. Davenport's "The Higher Arithmetic," John Read's "A Direct Entry Into Organic Chemistry," Ludwig Von Bertalanffy's "Problems of Life"—seem designed for the student and would undoubtedly serve best as supplementary classroom reading. $1.25 to $1.95 is the price span.

Rudolf Thiel's **"And There Was Light"** (Mentor, 75¢) is crammed with information about astronomy from Ptolemy to Einstein. Thiel communicates to his reader his own sense of excitement, even wonder at man's remarkable progress in understanding the universe. A final note provides an optimistic glimpse into the future of space travel.

Webster defines alchemy as "the chemistry of the Middle Ages, the chief aims of which were to change the baser metals into gold and to discover the elixir of perpetual youth." Written almost thirty years ago, John Mason Stillman's **"The Story of Alchemy and Early Chemistry"** (Dover, $2.45) is still a fascinating account of experiments dating from ancient Egypt on to the development of more recent scientific thought. Some alchemists were charlatans, gilding lead bars into gold; others, like Francis Bacon, in their attempts to transmute metals into wealth, made notable and lasting contributions to scientific knowledge.

DANCE TOUR: In his excellent illustrated survey, **"Theatre in the East"** (Evergreen Encyclopedia, $2.95), Faubion Bowers introduces the Western reader to the riches of Asian dance and drama. From India to Okinawa, from Laos to Japan (and even as far north as Siberia), in the wild tribal rites of the Sumatran islands or stately cadences of Thailand, the culture of each people is reflected in their dance forms, which express their particular thoughts, feelings, and experiences.

Balinese dancer holds classic Penchak pose.

The fan is a feature of Balinese ballet.

India's famed Balasaraswathi.

Folk drama in Ceylon.

Kyoto geishas perform Kabuki.

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First Things First

IN THE course of history, four great struggles have dominated human imagination and purpose.

The first has been for safety against the elements and for subsistence.

The second has been for freedom and growth.

The third has been for development and distinction.

The fourth has been for safety against war.

Great gains have been recorded in the first three of these struggles.

The battle against heat, cold, water, sand, and ice is no longer a dominant preoccupation of man as a whole. Theoretically, it is now at least possible to develop the world's resources to the point where the human population will have enough to eat.

The battle for freedom has not yet been won; it may never be won. But at least the foundations of freedom have been laid and the principles established for many millions of the earth's population. In the total perspective of human experience, freedom still has the status of an experiment; but it has been a magnificent experiment, successful in enough instances to demonstrate the creative genius of a principled society. The cause of freedom, however, is jeopardized midway through the twentieth century not only by those who are working for authoritarianism of one color or another but by a breakdown in human organization. For freedom cannot exist without law, just as law cannot exist without government; and the world as a whole today is still in a primitive, pre-government form.

The struggle for distinction is concerned primarily with education. Most of the world's peoples are still strangers to the written word; the entire process of formal education is known only to a minority. The development of the human potential has so far been minimal—whether with respect to the individual or to humankind as a whole. Yet no field of human need can be more effectively met than this.

The fourth struggle—for safety against war—has been the only one of man's struggles in which he has known mounting defeat. In no other field of human enterprise or aspiration has progress been as essential as in this; in no other field has the absence of progress been more marked or costly. The failure has grown from the earliest times, when the individual was totally without the protection of society or group, to the point when society itself is completely vulnerable and unprotected.

There has never been any great difficulty in killing a man. Given the intent, the means were relatively simple. But society always did its best to interpose itself between the killer and the intended victim. It would outlaw concealed weapons; it would establish drastic punishments as deterrents; it would help safeguard a man against the rapacity and violence of his neighbors.

These protections are now virtually meaningless alongside the utter ease with which society itself can put an end to life. None of its skills, indeed, have been more highly developed than this. To be able to put death into the air itself without changing the odor or texture of the air; to be able to create invisible bullets that pierce skin and bone and rip open human chromosomes and genes; to be able to devise lethal droplets, any one of which can terminate life in brief contact with the human skin; to be able to twist a man's character out of shape and control his thoughts—all these skills are now claimed by human intelligence in the name of national security.

Man today is not safe in the presence of man. The old cannibalism has given way to anonymous action in which the killer and the killed do not know each other, and in which, indeed, the very fact of mass death has the effect of making the killing less reprehensible than the death of a single man.

The conflicts that involve twentieth-century man are not solely ideological or political. They are personal, historic, transcendant. They involve his relationship to others—all the way from the immediate community that surrounds him to the human commonwealth as a whole.

These conflicts can be resolved in terms of first principles:

If there is a conflict between the security of the sovereign state and the security of the human commonwealth, the human commonwealth comes first.

If there is a conflict between the well-being of the nation and the well-being of mankind, the well-being of mankind comes first.

If there is a conflict between the needs of this generation and the needs of all the later generations, the needs of the later generations come first.

If there is a conflict between the rights of the state and the rights of man, the rights of man come first. The state justifies its existence only as it serves and safeguards the rights of man.

If there is a conflict between public edict and private conscience, private conscience comes first.

If there is a conflict between the easy drift of prosperity and the ordeal of peace, peace comes first.

WITH these first principles in operation, the people can create a mandate for government. Such a mandate would enable the nation to put first things first. The nation can declare that, even in its self-defense, it will not engage in a war that would destroy the rest of the world. Neither will it hesitate to declare that it would rather die than be the first to use chemical, biological, or nuclear weapons on human beings.

It could declare that it considers it a privilege to commit and dedicate everything it has—its resources, energy, knowledge, and moral imagination—to the making of a genuine peace under justice and law.

All this is possible if we do not crave the distinction of being the last generation of men on earth. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE NEW IMMORALITY

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH's editorial "The New Immorality" [*SR*, July 30] goes a long way toward explaining why America's moral strength seems to be in inverse proportion to her technical cleverness.

COLBERT M. MAYO.

New York, N. Y.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH deplores what he sees to be the increasing acceptance of personal immorality in this country and attributes this state of affairs, at least in part, to sociology. It is indeed flattering to sociologists to hear it suggested that they have such impact, but it is difficult to determine the validity of Mr. Krutch's notions.

Could it be that sociology has become Mr. Krutch's target because it insists that sociological propositions such as are his stock in trade must be subjected to empirical verification? And since he is a creative artist and eschews the grubby work of sociology, does this not suggest some hollowness in his "sociological" work?

DAVID GOLD,
Department of Sociology and Anthropology,
University of Iowa.

Iowa City, Iowa

MY STUDENTS take a savage delight when they show me articles exposing corruption in public life. Indeed, it takes skill to supply a satisfactory comment. Usually, the answer is an inaudible grunt. The next inquisitor, however, shall be answered by finding a copy of Mr. Krutch's "The New Immorality" in his hands.

CHARLES H. MAIN, Teacher,
Washington State Reformatory.

Monroe, Wash.

RHYME AND REASON

IN HIS REVIEW of my book, "The Complete Poems of Michelangelo" [*SR*, Aug. 6], Sergio Pacifici quotes me as saying that "to translate into English Michelangelo's marmoreal frigidity [the term is unfelicitous, to say the least] is absurd, etc." This is utterly false. In my Introduction (page 15) I speak of "marmoreal rigidity of form," which is quite different. That one may be so formless as to abhor and delete the word "form" I can well understand, but I fail to understand how a reviewer who happens to be a university professor has not yet learned the difference between "rigidity" and "frigidity."

JOSEPH TUSIANI.

New York, N. Y.

THE ABSENT VOTER

THE ARTICLE "Should People Be Dragged to the Polls?" [*SR*, July 30] is sheer delight to this non-voter, although I cannot find evidence that the Rienows are aware of one rather large group of non-voters.

My reason for not voting is simple: all the evidence I can observe indicates that the bureaucracy has become a tribe of economic cannibals. I cannot avoid being eaten, but I can and do refuse to participate in a popularity contest to determine the name of the head cook.

One indication of the substantial company I enjoy is the rapid increase in the number of blank ballots being cast—a phenomenon that worries the chiefs of the cannibal tribes more than they will admit publicly. A blank ballot, although an obvious protest vote, does grant some degree of sanction to the process. I refuse to grant them even this.

BRYSON REINHARDT.

Milwaukie, Ore.

I RESENT, as must many other of your readers, the implication that in this day of the pre-packaged political convention and the Madison Avenue-styled candidate, the non-voter is either an indolent or irresponsible citizen.

I have been an independent voter and have participated with others in independent voters' movements for many years. We are pleased to think that we have been good citizens because we have voted with purpose—to make our vote count for improvement in our society. In the past, we have had some significant choice of candidates. Today, many intelligent and sincere citizens feel they do not.

How should this body of citizenry express its disgust and dissatisfaction with the choice presented by the major parties (there are no others)? By voting slavishly for an alternative that may be no alternative?

No, many good citizens feel, and for valid reason, that the time may now have come to "sit this one out," and that the open and widespread expression of the right not to vote is more important to the welfare of our democracy than the creation of an obedient mass of beaten balloteers.

SOLOMON GOLAT.

Newark, N. J.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"This kind carry the *friendly* spirits and grow for our benefit—but this other kind carry the forest demon, and anyone stupid enough to eat them. . ."

LOST AND FOUND

CONGRATULATIONS to Frederick Mayer for the quiet, persuasive incisiveness of his "India and the Western Mind" [*SR*, July 30]. In an age when most of our spokesmen for spiritual values mumble in tones of cosmic irrelevance, obscurantism, illogicality, and parochial absolutisms born of narrow, incompassionate hearts, the Buddha's insights focus on the chief problem of man: his attitudes of responsiveness and responsibility to the world.

It is unfortunate, however, that Professor Mayer perpetuates the common error of viewing the Buddha as a pessimist. For Gautama, human existence was not "evil," as Professor Mayer writes; it was (and is) pervaded with ubiquitous and manifold *suffering*. Is that not a different matter entirely? Recognition of this suffering in all its guises, both psychical and physical, is not pessimism, but open-eyed realism that refuses to blink the hard facts for the sake of self-contained comfort. Nor is Nirvana, as Professor Mayer states, "the elimination of individuality," but rather the *freeing* of one's individuality (more properly, of one's personality). Nirvana has nothing to do with death or extinction, as we are too often told; rather, it embodies that age-old truth, verbally expressible only as a paradox, that he who loses his life shall save it.

JAMES H. CURTIS, Minister,
Unitarian Fellowship.

Burlington, Iowa

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Good Air of Buenos Aires

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA.

QUICK soundings of the artistic tone of a great city are as likely to yield a hollow ring as a true pitch, but one verberation here can be tuned in immediately. Whereas other cities of this continent have, in various degrees, musical activities, Buenos Aires has a full and varied musical life. You can read it in the press announcements of half a dozen events a day, or you can stumble on it in a side street where the Collegium Musicum bears a placard offering a program of Reger and Bartók. Partially this has to do with magnitude—there are only four larger cities in the world—but more relates to Buenos Aires's status not merely as a metropolis, but as a cosmopolis, the center of a Latin American world all its own.

Practical proof is provided by its long-standing interest in and support of opera, the most cosmopolitan (even more than Metropolitan) form of musical art. There has been a Teatro Colón in this town for 100 years, and the present one celebrated its fiftieth anniversary a few seasons ago. No city anywhere has a finer home for opera than the Colón of Buenos Aires, whose good air has supported the voices of every consequential singer from Tamagno to Tibbett. Local opinion has it that the Colón is presently below its legendary par—no lavish budget, no Tebaldi or Nilsson—but if this week's "Gioconda" is a sample, anything better would be superior to the best anywhere.

Even before a note is heard, the Colón wins the heart with the warmth and charm of its auditorium, a thoughtful study in restful rose and amber. Its 3,000 seats are arranged much as they are at the Metropolitan, with more crowding at the top, which penalizes the "gods" but improves the sound throughout. This cramping makes the side seats mostly undesirable, but it results in a combination of size and intimacy that entertains the eye with rows and rows of boxes above the main floor, while gratifying the ear with a rich blend of sound.

As a result, almost everybody in this "Gioconda" (the first, rather oddly, the Colón has put on in thirty-five years) sounded good—some of them very good. Top honors went to tenor Flaviano Labo (who made his mark at the Metropolitan before it was erased for disciplinary reasons by Rudolf Bing), with strong supporting service from Mignon Dunn (Laura) and Norman Scott (Alvise), both well known to New Yorkers, and Aldo Protti, a capable Italian baritone, as Barnaba. Neither Luisa Bartoletti (La Cieca) nor Lucille Udovick (Gioconda) has a comparable name, but they made the ensemble a sound one in every relevant sense. The Colón has the reputation of being a singer's theatre, and it was confirmed by the judgment of Carlos Cillario as he merged his excellent orchestra and chorus in resonant fulness with the principals.

Among the latter, the liveliest interest was stimulated by Miss Udovick, born in Denver, reared in San Francisco, who has yet to sing with a major American company. On the showing of this Gioconda, it won't be too long before she will (San Francisco in '61 is in the offing, and it may happen sooner), for the voice is big and full, with distinctly dramatic possibilities. Ring and body at the top are its prominent characteristics, evenness through the scale an attractive plus. This time the bottom was weak, but it may be part of a phase. A sizable figure on stage, Miss Udovick moves well and responds to dramatic situations with the instinct of a real operatic personality. She held her own with Labo, in his present form a first-class Enzo (his "Cielo e mar" was comfortably demoted), and Protti, both experienced in the operatic trade. Miss Dunn showed herself ready for larger assignments than have so far been her portion at home, and Scott's solid qualities are equally equable on either side of the equator.

If one must take the measure of a theatre from a single opera, "La Gioconda" is a wide-ranging probe, drawing blood from orchestra, chorus, and ballet. The Colón's "Gioconda" settings are almost too familiar, but the costuming is fresh and bright, the stage direction unpretentious but efficient. The choral voices are more vibrant than is customary with such groups; its members move well, and with a more than dutiful interest in their function.

This is a result, no doubt, of the advantageous situation of the Colón, which is, on the whole, the best musical employment Buenos Aires has to offer. It has its choice of practically all the best instrumentalists, the most able dancers, the widest range of vocal abilities this community of 4,000,000 affords. A good disposition of the orchestra for these particular surroundings—woodwinds at the conductor's left, violins at the right, and heavy brass beyond them—plays its part in the superior sound produced. A discriminating public helps too; this one for "Gioconda" may have been penalized by relative unfamiliarity with this elsewhere familiar work, but it put its favor squarely on the side of the best effort.

The opportunities of the Colón also include a season-long series of concerts by its orchestra, dubbed the Philharmonic and sufficiently devoted to its work to gather at 10:30 on Sunday mornings for a symphonic program. The audience I joined filled most of the house, with particularly avid attention among the young people in the top gallery to Lili Kraus's fine performance of (naturally) Mozart. This assured, sensitive artist made her first effort in Argentina (D minor Concerto) a memorable one, not alone for the typically high quality of her interpretation, but also for commingling Mozart with Beethoven through the latter's exceptional cadenza for this work. Simon Blech, a Polish-descended conductor now based here, gave Kraus a warmly helping hand, and also showed his mettle in the Haydn variations of Brahms.

IF the Colón is the center of musical life in Buenos Aires, it is by no means the whole of it, or even the most enterprising part of it. Weekly on Wednesday nights, the "Asociación Amigos de la Música" gathers in the Teatro la Opera for a concert of orchestral music supported by private, rather than state or municipal, funds. The players are drawn from radio orchestras and other sources, and they must relish this opportunity, for they give up part of the midday lunch period for daily rehearsals. Currently the conductor is Paul Kletzki (now of Dallas), who imposed a steady hand and a strongly personal impulse on the playing of a conventionally modern symphony by Julian Bautista, an Argentinian composer, the first concerto of Beethoven, with Claudio Arrau as the musically sophisticated piano soloist, and the Mozart E flat symphony. The quality of performance improved steadily from fuzzily approximate in the Bautista to suitably integrated in the Beethoven to confidently competent in the Mozart. This doubtless had to do with complications of time and place (Arrau performed in Tanglewood two days before he was due in Buenos Aires, and vagaries of weather cut his pre-concert arrival by jet to hours rather than days), but the 2,400 *porteños* present relished it all nevertheless.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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THE FINE ARTS

Esthetics and the Amateur

WITH the announcement that James Johnson Sweeney has resigned as director of the Guggenheim Museum comes another blow to the cause of art in America. Because this is only one in a long series of recent art museum losses and because the basic reason for these resignations often stems from conflicts between trustees and professional personnel, the situation deserves an honest airing. During the last year or two, the country has seen a deplorable number of vacancies in art museum directorships and top curatorial posts. Too often discreet, conventional letters of resignation, accompanied by the trustees' usual polite words of acceptance, appear in the press, at once mystifying the public and demoralizing the remaining staff. Sometimes the problem is financial, but more often it is ideological.

The structure of the average American art museum is predicated on a board of trustees composed of public-spirited citizens entrusted with formulating the institution's general policies and supervising its finances. As a rule, this body also is responsible for the selection of the most important staff members, who in turn are expected to administer all artistic and educational activities. It is in this last area that serious problems are increasingly frequent. For as public interest in art grows (thanks in no small degree to many of the same museum men who today are throwing in the sponge), a new kind of trustee is emerging. In the past, when art institutions were struggling for wider acceptance, board members were more apt to be motivated by the urgent needs of their museum than by a desire for personal recognition.

In addition, the expansion of our institutions has caused such grave administrative pressures that many directors and curators, who perform sucessfully in highly individualistic roles, are snowed under when faced with the uncongenial task of "keeping up with the Joneses" in other museums. Not accustomed to delegating responsibilities, and usually at their best in "grass roots" experiences with works of art, these men gradually find themselves in unhappy disagreement with their trustees, who frequently are powerful businessmen ironically intolerant of that very individualism they themselves have fought, at least economically, to preserve. But this dilemma is not solved merely by the appointment of able administrative directors in place of or over distinguished and experienced scholars.

What, then, is the solution if our great art museums are to continue as creative, progressive institutions rather than as slickly run Madison Avenue prototypes, top-heavy with new buildings and frustrated staffs? Readjustments certainly are necessary on both sides, though I question whether the most important concessions at this time should not come from a rethinking of trustee responsibilities. However, the fact that top museum staff members have never had the courage or selflessness to form a national organization strong enough to protect the rights of their profession with dignity and equity is scarcely reassuring. Had this occurred, many necessary reforms might have resulted from friendly pressure backed by firm group convictions.

AN obvious source of museum friction stems from the inflexibility of self-perpetuating boards of trustees, where often only death causes vacancies that permit new faces and new ideas. If a rotating board does not guarantee greater catholicism, it at least encourages wider representation from different sections of the community. One wonders why educators, writers, scientists, labor leaders, and other qualified citizens are not more often included along with successful businessmen and socially prominent citizens. A board of trustees is, after all, not a private club.

But by far the most deep-seated causes of discord between art museum trustees and their staffs are their opposing views on acquisition policies. Perhaps the public does not always realize that works of art are not bought for institutions by trained professionals, but as a rule are merely recommended by them to lay committees composed chiefly of trustees who make the final decisions. Here, it seems to me, is the crux of the problem. For in buying works of art, it is difficult to decide which is more lethal—a smattering of knowledge or total ignorance. In any case, it is absurd to expect laymen with training and experience in other fields to make final decisions on art purchases for public institutions. Merely to know the lacks and pressing needs of a single museum requires years of dedicated study. And to underestimate the heavy responsibility of buying art for the public and for the future is to believe that taste equals knowledge and flair equals experience. Certain professional duties must be left to those experts who have been trained and who are being paid to make astute decisions in a situation which is doubly ambiguous because wise art purchases do not always appear valid until time has made its long evaluation.

ANOTHER unfortunate result of amateur interference is the frequent need for busy staff members to "lobby" among their trustees if an important acquisition is to be assured. Less an educational than a pressure process, this tiring activity often ends in ill will and fruitless arguments, particularly when amateur opinion is based on personal likes and dislikes, on irrelevant prejudices, and on dangerously superficial familiarity with the object in question. One can only regret the many first-rate works of art lost to important institutions because of inept and arbitrary acquisition procedures.

In order to obviate some of the more troublesome misunderstandings, orientation courses for new trustees could prove helpful, a suggestion which indeed might seem presumptuous were it not that many social agencies and school boards have already successfully adopted this practice. It can, of course, be done in various ways—by classes under the leadership of professionals and experienced fellow trustees, by round tables, by intelligently prepared brochures and manuals, each spelling out unequivocally the duties of staff and board and why the division of those duties is necessary. Were it possible for curators and heads of departments to explain their problems openly to new trustees, some of the pivotal causes of friction might be avoided at the outset. As the situation now stands, there are instances in our larger art museums where top staff personalities, after long years of service, have never even met important members of the board. With communication blocked between the two most responsible groups in an institution, organizational rapport and equitable employment practices become more difficult. The constant turnover today in art museum staffs does more than destroy continuity; it undermines public confidence, interrupts sustained, long-term planning, and discourages the best talent from entering so precarious a profession. —KATHARINE KUH.

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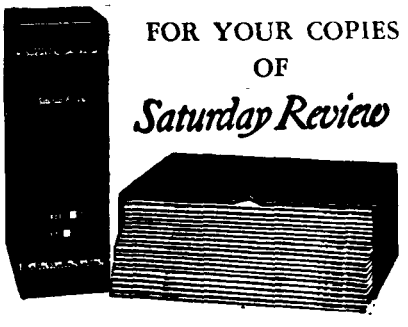

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Price of Freedom

IT HAS been stressed repeatedly, both in these columns and elsewhere, that the current trend toward independent production is liberating, even rejuvenating the American screen. Indeed, such emphasis has been placed upon the fact of independence that it almost seems to have become a magic passkey to quality. Unfortunately, that is hardly the case. There are still a few grim, hard facts of movie life to be reckoned with as well: the money available to buy time and talent, the intrinsic value of the story to be told, and the flair and imagination of the independent film-maker. The word "independence" has a fine, bold ring but let any of these ingredients be scanted, and the ring grows hollow.

Take, for example, Hall Bartlett's production of **"All the Young Men,"** starring Alan Ladd, Sidney Poitier, Mort Sahl, and the recently dethroned heavyweight champion, Ingemar Johansson. Apparently, money was not a problem for Mr. Bartlett, who also wrote and directed his picture. The cast includes expensive names, most of the film was shot on location, and there is no lack of production values. Nor is the story any foolish cream puff, concocted for the delectation of the matinee trade. A Marine platoon, isolated in the snowbound mountains of Korea in the winter of 1951, decimated by enemy fire, suddenly finds itself with a Negro sergeant as the senior in command. Resentments flare up—in the Southerner who cannot admit that a Negro might be his superior, even in rank; in the professional soldier, recently broken, who feels that the command should be his by reason of seniority; and in the frightened ones who seize on either pretext to harass and deflect their leader from the hazardous assignment they have drawn.

To Bartlett's credit (and to that of Mr. Poitier, who plays the role), the Negro emerges not as a stereotype, but as a *man*—strong but fearful, serious but with a certain grim humor, dedicated but human enough to recognize that he may be leading all his young men to their death. The other characters come off less well. It is not merely that the acting is one-dimensional; so is the basic conception of the roles. The wisecracking soldier, the noble Swede, the nostalgic young fellow who dreams of home, not to mention Alan Ladd's hard-bitten old pro—we have seen them all before, and each one's development is utterly, dishearteningly predictable. The limitation, I'm afraid, is Bartlett's. Like his mentor, Stanley Kramer, whom he reveres, Bartlett feels that an independent film-maker should dominate every aspect of his production. Unfortunately, like Kramer, he does not do everything equally well.

On the other hand, money seems to be the special ingredient missing from **"Cold Wind in August."** The latest in a sequence of low-budgeted explorations of sexual aberration for the special benefit of art house patrons, it offers a theme that is daring but valid. An older woman seduces (indeed, virtually rapes) a seventeen-year-old boy, then honestly falls in love with him. The boy is also in love, not caring about the difference in their ages. His idyll shatters, however, when he discovers that she is a burlesque stripper. In a fascinating scene, he clings to his notions of romantic love while the woman grows increasingly impatient at his childishness. The affair is terminated amidst mutual recriminations, neither the boy nor the woman quite understanding the other. Fascinating, too, is the character of the woman —a wanton who is genuinely astonished

to discover real love, an experienced woman too inexperienced to retain it. Interesting side lights are cast by the boy's pragmatic father and by the woman's aging, rejected lover.

Despite brilliant performances by Lola Albright and Scott Marlowe, recruited from television, and better than good performances from most of the supporting cast, however, one is constantly aware of the production's physical limitations—of sets poorly dressed, locations hastily chosen, shots insufficiently rehearsed, awkward cutting forced by inadequate coverage of a scene. These are the things that money can buy, the elements that impart gloss and fluidity to just about every picture emanating from the major studios. On the other hand, Alexander Singer, here directing his first feature film, has brought to "Cold Wind in August" a great deal that money *can't* buy: perception, a feeling for character, and a taste for life.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Duchess of Tiber

STRATFORD, CONN.

THE production of **"Antony and Cleopatra"** here is sprinkled with intelligence and assorted glimpses of Katherine Hepburn as Cleopatra. The latter begins not so much as a woman in love with Antony, as one who shrewdly uses her devices and her physical charms to tempt whoever is temptable. In the early scenes Miss Hepburn is surprisingly and happily unevasive, a half-naked woman with a genuine capacity for enjoying the wanton, sporting pleasures of the bed. While Antony is her playmate of the moment, she doesn't seem in love with him in particular. Rather, she is daily reaffirming her appeal by wrapping any man she can around her little finger. And because Antony is the most handsome and powerful catch of the day, the degree of his obsession with her serves as a measuring stick that challenges Cleopatra far out of proportion to any affection she may feel for him. Indeed, only when Antony is not onstage does Miss Hepburn really wax rhapsodic about him. And even then she plays Cleopatra's temper tantrums for comedy. On the other hand, she speaks the usually comic "Can Fulvia die?" with inexplicable gravity. In attempting to give the part "infinite variety," Miss Hepburn has thrown away the opportunity of letting the events of the play lift her to any large emotional peaks, or of revealing a vulnerability that might engage our sympathies.

A second difficulty appears in Robert Ryan's portrayal of Antony. While Mr. Ryan has a splendid physical appearance, he seems pretty well whipped in spirit. His speeches have the homespun flavor of American political demagoguery. When, after his death, Cleopatra laments that there is now nothing remarkable left in the world, some of us can't help thinking that there wasn't very much remarkable there in the first place. And perhaps this is why Miss Hepburn ends up as a queen made resolute by Roman example, rather than as a woman made desperate by the death of one not-so-exemplary Roman.

The most effective scenes in this production are those that concern themselves with the question of who is "the best man" in Roman politics. In one of these, Rouben Ter-Arutunian has designed a stunning metal abstraction of a Roman arch, and in another he has had the actors raise a stained antique sail before our eyes to create Pompey's barge. John Ragin plays Octavius Caesar with a passionate austerity that gives his eventual victory over his more likable competitors the implication that in Roman days at least, the best man was also the most fanatically inhuman.

Director Jack Landau has happily refrained from the sort of embroidery and underlining that have weakened his past work. His next logical step would be to get his star actors to make genuine emotional responses to each other, rather than showing us what appear to be a bit-by-bit superimposition of personal intelligence. For, to everyone's surprise, Miss Hepburn gives enough evidence of her ability to play Cleopatra to justify more work, and even to bring the show back another summer with a more dynamic Antony.

In Central Park the New York Shakespeare Festival continues its charmed history with a highly popular production of **"Measure for Measure."** Guest director Alan Schneider has staged the dark comedy straightforwardly and with somewhat more theatricality than is customary in these park presentations. While the humor is not pushed and the emphasis is on the plot, the audience somehow finds uproarious the sequence in which one girl substitutes for another in an assignation. Mark Leonard plays the Duke with great awareness of the moral dilemmas involved, and two other newcomers prove themselves poised and skilled performers. Mariette Hartley plays Isabella with outward perfection; Philip Bosco reads Angelo's lines with a Gielgud finish. It must be noted, however, that we never see the inner workings of Angelo's self-entrapment in the web of desire as clearly as we should.

Albert Quinton, Frederic Warriner, Arthur Malet, Kathleen Widdoes, and John Call all have nice moments. And David Amram has written "Take those Lips Away" as a modern show-tune, which is apt enough since "Measure for Measure" is Shakespeare's most modern play. —HENRY HEWES.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

JAILBIRDS

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to identify the ten fictional characters referred to below who were imprisoned for various reasons, but not for murder. Answers on page 39.

1. This prisoner lost track of the length of time he had "suffer'd chains and courted death" for his father's faith, but grew so accustomed to his prison environment he sighed when he was released.
2. Caught while trying to steal two pieces of cloth, this prison-born woman, who had grown rich by her thievery, was sentenced to Newgate Prison.
3. Having been swindled out of his fortune in addition to losing his belongings in a fire, this minister was put in prison for his inability to pay his rent.
4. After winning a breach of promise suit (but no money), this woman was sent to Fleet Prison by her own lawyers.
5. While this soldier was serving time for innocently protecting a man who was being attacked by two ruffians, he was robbed of his coat and snuffbox.
6. After an argument over the kind of meat served at the table, this woman was locked in her room by her husband and held prisoner for seven years.
7. This Polish prince was imprisoned in a mountain tower by his father because of evil omens in the stars; when the Prince became King he imprisoned his father.
8. Serving a sentence for mistaking an innocent girl for an immoral one, he received word from his father that he was to consider himself an orphan.
9. This voluntary prisoner wanted to prove he could escape by his own ingenuity—and did.
10. These two characters were imprisoned in a dark dungeon from Wednesday to Saturday for sleeping on the grounds of a giant.

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TV AND RADIO

Intellectual Pony Express

AS A listener-subscriber to WBAI-FM, the Pacifica Foundation radio station in New York City, I noticed recently, in a bi-weekly folio, the scheduling (August 20, 6 P.M.) of "Meeting of the Minds," the panel discussion program on capital punishment which Steve Allen was not permitted to broadcast last season on NBC-TV (see page 15). After the network canceled the program, the local NBC station in Los Angeles promised to produce it. But to nobody's surprise, that production, too, failed to materialize. Aristotle, Freud, Montaigne, Hegel, Darrow, and Dostoevsky (who argue the subject via impersonations by actors speaking their words in ardent dialogue) finally made it on KPFK, Pacifica's Los Angeles radio outlet. This coast-to-coast taped radio exposure of a jilted commercial network show was also heard on KPFA, Pacifica's San Francisco station. The triangular event is an example of the foundation's now firmly established regular service to tiny portions of the nation's radio audience. Pacifica has become a virtual intellectual pony express, connecting East and West with broadcasting free from any kind of censorship—pre, post, or self.

A recent "occasional paper on the role of the mass media in a free society" ("The Relation of the Writer to TV," published by the Fund for the Republic) underscored again that broadcasting in the United States is possibly the least rewarding medium for the creative writer. Top-flight TV writers asserted in this document that writing to a sponsor's specifications is frequently humiliating, and that opportunities for the new writer, especially in drama, have been drastically restricted. In sharp contrast is the Pacifica climate, which fosters free, mature expression of all creative and intellectual points of view. Now a mere spark, the fanning of this freedom into a brighter and taller flame could bring a genuine cultural renascence to big cities. There are approximately 8,000 subscribers to KPFA (the oldest station, ten years old), 6,000 to KPFK (one year old), and 6,500 to WBAI (eight months old). Why aren't there more, particularly in the East?

The answer is that many potential subscribers have not yet heard about WBAI. Four thousand initial subscribers were quickly enlisted in New York (at a minimum subscription of $12 annually), but a host of organizational problems slowed the subscription tide thereafter. It was only when WBAI began an on-the-air "hard-sell" campaign (asking for subscriptions) that many listeners, who can receive the open frequency without subscribing, awoke to the fact that nobody supports this kind of radio except the audience—directly. The word "foundation" was dropped from the announcements; it is such a rich word that it tends to relieve listeners of any financial concern. Since the advent of the hard-sell campaign, coupled with a few ads in *The New York Times* and *The New Yorker* (paid for by an anonymous business executive), subscriptions have shot up again from roughly 70 to some 250 per week. The FCC could help by "unfreezing" a new $25,000 WBAI transmitter, presently tied up in a tempest-in-a-teacup investigation of a complaint lodged against KPFA. The use of the new transmitter would substantially widen WBAI's area and subscriber potential. More important, it is time that Pacifica's function be generally recognized as more than merely the esoteric feeding of cerebral manna to a handful of refugees from a mass culture.

The proportion of academic talks on the three FM stations is heavy because such programs are easy to get without much expense. The ultimate Pacifica aim is, however, to be something more than an American BBC. It is to involve listeners as active participants in the creative arts and public affairs. Drama workshops will be set up, when there are enough supporters, to encourage and help writers to revive the abortive art of voice-drama, and to explore new forms of documentary broadcasting. A big area in which Pacifica hopes to experiment, according to Harold Winkler, Pacifica Foundation president, is news-in-depth programming that would call daily on the great research centers of the nation for expert evaluation of current events. Live music can be revived on radio, with workshops for young composers. Opportunities can be afforded them to have their works played by conductors and orchestras eager to experiment. Prizes are already being offered by Pacifica for original compositions.

There are numbers of "late-blooming" adults in our cities who never completed their formal education but who are capable of intellectual development and have no place to go for it except to night schools. One intensely loyal KPFA listener is a truck driver who "likes good music, decently reproduced." Artistic and sensitive audiences do exist in the country, at diverse levels of schooling and income. They are at present anonymous and have hardly any centers of focus. Potential Pacifica subscribers might realize that what is being born here is a priceless awakening and identification of creative activity and intellectual curiosity—a face-to-face sharing, off the air as well as on, of cultural stimulus and enjoyment. Pacifica Radio as a fringe benefit of American society is a myth: it is time to see it as a grass-roots Prometheus bringing warmth and light to the desiccated art of radio broadcasting. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Up the Silver River

THE NEWEST of the speedway routes to the faraway land of Argentina lies by way of Miami, Panama, and Lima, Peru, a succession of short, jet-powered frog-leaps, the shortest of which is just over two hours and the longest under four. This new express service, recently installed by that hybrid of the skyways which calls itself Pan American-Grace Airways, or, more simply, Panagra, covers the last lap between Lima and Buenos Aires, the great capital of the Argentine, in a snappy three hours and forty minutes if you take the jet. After all, it is a distance of 1,979 miles, or about as far as from New York to Salt Lake City. It ought to be pointed out that Panagra's jets cut out Santiago and take off and leave from Lima's military field instead of the regular airport. Aside from missing the Chilean capital, which is serviced on non-jet days by Panagra's DC-7s, an all-day trip, jet passengers will miss the friendly atmosphere of Lima's old airport, studded as it is with jewelry shops and furtive characters who peddle Panama hats out of briefcases when the police aren't looking. The new Callao, or International Airport, as it will be called to avoid confusion with the city of Callao (with which it has no relation), will not be ready until January of 1961. If the atmosphere is a little chilly and militaristic at the temporary military airport, at least the new jet, flying high over the Andes, is a cheery place, boasting as it does the only stand-up bar in the jet business.

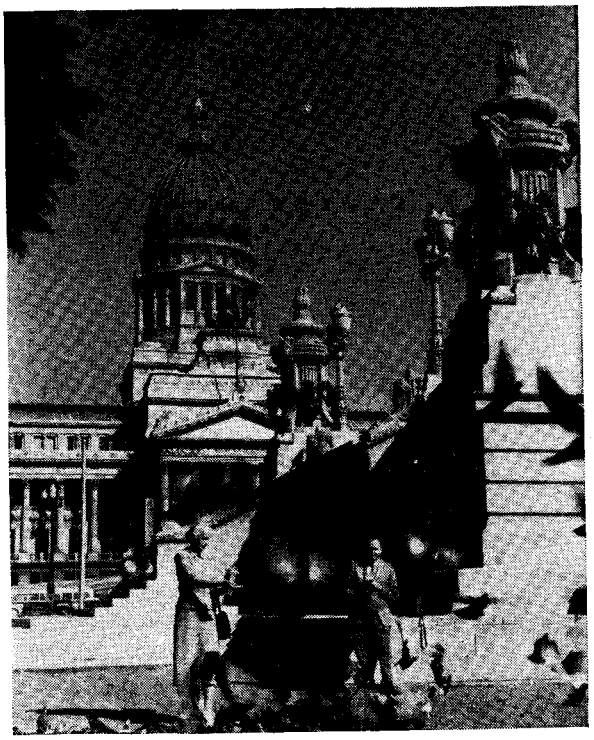
Fog drifted like huge grounded clouds over the highway that leads from the airport to Buenos Aires the evening I arrived there. With the chill of the Argentine winter in the air, and the fog all around, it was like October in London or August in San Francisco. The old Plaza Hotel, where I had stayed five years before, so near the Florida and across the street from the Plaza San Martín, seemed about as I had left it during those waning days of the Perón regime. As always, it was impeccable on the main floor—the reception clerks all starched-collar and swallow-tailed—and just a little bit seedy upstairs. The city, when I viewed it the next morning, which blossomed clear and cool, seemed about like the hotel. The buildings were there, tall and majestic, and the avenues as awesomely broad as ever, yet there was an indefinable something that bespoke budget times. It was the air you notice sometimes on a woman you haven't seen for a long time. Is it the dress too many times cleaned; the bag carried beyond its life span; the hair too long untouched by professional hands? It is always hard to determine the reason but the look was there and you knew there had been count-the-pennies days. "That's how P. left us," an Argentine friend told me. "He stole and stole and this is how he left us. Wiser and poorer." Even though she was speaking English, she preferred to refer to Perón as P. "He still has followers," she told me, "and they can make it unpleasant for you in small, bitter, unimportant, but obstructionist ways."

The Perón winter residence—I remember it so well, snug in its estate and guarded by police cars—has simply been obliterated, the fence removed and the hill smoothed over with grass and planted with trees, as if nothing had ever happened. Nor is there anything to mark the site across the street of the enormous statue that was to be built to immortalize Eva. They had planned a forty-foot tower with fourteen elevators—"bigger," as one Argentine put it to me, "than a pharaoh's tomb." In a day when the peso was pegged at thirty to a dollar, 300,000,000 pesos had been voted, but before it could be spent there were ugly scandals of thefts from members of Eva's intimate circle. At the demise of the regime the tomb was dynamited and the statue which had been ordered in Italy was never delivered.

Casa Rosada, or Pink House, from which Perón ruled, still stands on the Plaza de Mayo, its imposing grenadiers with their gold-trimmed headgear and their red and blue epaulets guarding the present goverment of the Argentine, which does its business there. The grenadiers also patrol in front of the white columns of the cathedral between the hours of eight and noon. They used to march all day, but when the church split with the state under P. the tour of guard duty was cut back to half a day.

Buenos Aires began in 1536 when Pedro de Mendoza built a settlement here, 170 miles from the Atlantic Ocean. Pedro landed in the section of the city known today as La Boca, the mouth, now a popular neighborhood for the large Italian colony that has emigrated here. A year later the Indians burned the town, and Don Pedro, rescued by his brother, set sail for Spain but died aboard ship. It was another fifty years before Don Juan de Garay arrived, landing on a site opposite the Casa Rosada, which has long since been filled with land. The people of Buenos Aires, who called themselves *porteños*, or people-of-the-port, declared themselves free of Spain on May 25, 1810. Led by General José de San Martín, a firebrand of independence throughout South America, the provinces proclaimed their freedom on July 9, 1816.

Living the good life on the Río de la Plata, the Argentine was born with a silver river at its side. It went through political upheavals in the middle 1850s and again in the 1890s, but other than that it blossomed rich and healthy, doing a thriving business in hides and beef. Juan Domingo Perón, the modern-day phenomenon, was first elected in 1946, then re-elected in 1952. Trouble began in June of 1955 in the so-called first revolution, when the Plaza de Mayo became a battleground. The army and navy were supposed to storm the town at 8 A.M. but the day dawned foggy and very



—*Panagra.*

Buenos Aires—pigeons feed before the Congress buildings.

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few planes flew. Those that did bombed the left wing of the Casa Rosada, but the revolt was postponed until noon. By that time the information had leaked. Perón scurried across the street to the War Department and, according to a popular version, endeavored to bribe the generals with ranches and permits for bringing in automobiles which later could be sold on the black market. When the navy arrived, the army had already been placated and the ships sailed to avoid a civil war. They stayed away for three months, but on September 16, 1955, revolt flared anew, this time in Cordoba. Perón strengthened the police until they were stronger than the army, but the navy came back home and threatened to bomb Buenos Aires if Perón refused to give up. He delivered himself to the protection and the mercy of the Paraguayans.

NOW the pigeons fly with freedom again in the Plaza de Mayo and there is little aside from bullet holes on the buildings to remind the *porteños* of those past Peronista days. Down the Diagonal Sud stands the green-topped tower that was Eva's office, where her mourners stopped the clock on the hour she died. It stayed that way for a year and by that time it was so rusted it took six months to fix. On the northwest side of the square stands the Cabildo, the revered white building where independence from Spain was notarized. Palms and sycamores and yellow lampposts that shine like gold stand in the square looking down on the scurrying *porteños,* wrapped as they are in the cold months with tricornered scarves called *chalinas* worn on top of their overcoats instead of mufflers. Down the Avenida de Mayo leading from the historic square, the Congress building looks like the Capitol at Washington squeezed to fit into a space too small for its bulk. The avenue itself is a cheerful place, lined with open-air cafés where displaced Europeans and *porteños* alike enjoy sipping coffee under the awnings and drinking beer until three in the morning.

Avenida de Mayo crosses Avenida 9 de Julio, the world's widest avenue. Its centerpiece is an obelisk that was planted to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the founding of Buenos Aires, but the sidewalks are lined with cheap shops and the best thing about the broad boulevard is the parking space for 5,000 cars, built underneath it thirty years ago. The Teatro Colón, along the shore of the nearly 400-foot-wide thoroughfare, is one of the world's great opera houses and worth a look whether it is in session or not. It employs 1,600, seats 3,000, including the pews for mourners who sit hidden from public view behind iron grills. Those who sit *in* public view are seated in velvet-covered stuffed chairs or within the pink brocaded walls of the boxes. But the best of the old houses, built in 1908, are the Versailles-like foyers where strollers promenade during the intermission, over the parquet floors, admiring the Meissen pieces atop the French rosewood commodes, the chandeliers dripping from the mural-coated ceilings.

Less cultural experiences await in the Argentine after dark. Corrientes Street is the local White Way, and along the stretch known as Lavalle (which the Argentines pronounce as if it were *la vage*), there are twelve movie houses in two blocks, and both blocks are closed to motor traffic from 5 P.M. until 1 A.M. Probably the world's greatest steak house is La Cabaña, decorated with dark arches, chianti bottles, and deer heads. Great steaks of *lomito*, or beef, broil in public view at the entranceway, and when you order a *parrillada* it is brought to the table, charcoal grill and all, with blood sausage, red *chorizo*, kidneys, and lamb and cow intestines sizzling and succulent. A *parrillada* for three followed by three enormous steaks, a bottle of Argentine wine, and mineral water came to seven dollars the other day, including coffee and tip.

There is the elegance of teatime, which is a smart social occasion in Buenos Aires, and there is the ribaldry of the late evening hours at places like Tabaris, where the dance band and the floor show are ensconced on the main floor while companions for the lonely inhabit the second-floor boxes waiting to be summoned below. But the greatest of the sports in the capital of the Argentine is shopping for the goods which are handsome, unusual, and of beguiling value whether you need them or not. Nutria coats, the fur of all purpose in the Argentine, were priced at $400 to $500 at Jakes on Tucumán 651. The starting price at Saks and Bergdorf Goodman in New York for any full-length nutria coat is $1,500. Vicuña, that downy fur of South America whose cloth derivative has cost so much heartache in Washington, is made into luxurious bed comforters here for anyone willing to pay $150. And gloves are cheapest at a tiny den known as the Casa Portolano at Tucumán 1542, where a pair of Italians make porcupine gloves in all shades for about $3 a pair, line them with nutria at less than $7 a pair.

Tucumán, as one begins to see, is the back-street bargain basement of Buenos Aires, but it crosses the famed nine-block thoroughfare called Florida, which is lined with shops and forbidden to cars. Herse Ltda., on the Florida 961, where I had shopped before for leather goods, had installed a waterfall and a garden in the rear of the premises, viewable to customers otherwise serenaded by the muted tones of high-fidelity *chansons,* though a glass wall. The bags are copies of that French temple of stratospheric prices known as Hermes, and I'm afraid Herse's has copied the price range too. Nobody could have a wider selection than Lopez & Cia, located at Arenales 837 and also in the Plaza Hotel. Figure from $28 to $60 for an alligator bag, about $25 for llama calf. And the attaché cases would dispatch Madison Avenue into paroxysms of ecstasy.

IF *porteños* of some means can wrap themselves in nutria, sleep under vicuña, and nourish themselves on gigantic steaks, there are some luxuries they cannot have and one of the most pressing of these is cars. Impounded in the Costa Nera are dozens and dozens of once-new cars whose owners could pay the market price but could not afford the 300 per cent duty that makes a $3,000 U.S. auto worth $9,000 on the streets of Buenos Aires. Still, the Costa Nera has its pleasant side too, for it is a resort for Buenos Aires as well as a concentration camp for cars, and the *porteños,* in December when it is summer, stroll under its poplars and the tipa trees and bathe in the waist-high water that is cool if not altogether clean. Not far away, across the railroad tracks that lead into the depot once known as President Perón Station, runs the elegant Avenida Alvear, lined with rich homes and embassies. At Grand Bourg, at the end of the Recoleta, is a replica of the house where San Martín spent his last years, self-exiled to France because he felt that Argentina was ungrateful to him after he had steered it to independence. He was once a rich man, and his wife and daughter gave their money and jewels to finance the army that moved to liberate Chile and Peru. In France after it was done, San Martín was engaged by the Marquis Aguado, a Spanish marquis living in Paris, as a tutor for his sons. The country he helped has long since exhibited, albeit posthumously, its deep gratitude, and in addition to all the *plazas* and *avenidas* named for him, there is the meditative statue looking across to the rebuilt house of exile in France with another statue of his wife and daughter in front—all of it clustered on a back street of what has become the fifth largest city in the world.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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Come to the Animal Fair

By Irma Simonton Black, *whose eighteenth juvenile, "Big Puppy and Little Puppy," will be published this fall by Holiday House.*

IN BOOKS, as in real life, animals appeal to the vast majority of children. Even a baby in a stroller squeals with delight at the sight of a dog or cat. And to the older child animals offer genuine emotional experiences. Their dependence, their trust, their ability to give or at least to receive affection enable a child to feel protective and strong and loving, both in actual experience and vicariously in books.

Animals do not need to be humanized to be believable story characters. **"Zoo Babies"** (Morrow, $2.95) and others of this excellent series by William Bridges portray the endearing and amusing behavior of zoo animals in clear text and excellent photographs. In Holiday House's Life Cycle Series [*SR*, Oct. 17, 1959] the young reader meets animal characters facing all the hazards of wild life. Just as authentic and interesting are the studies of living creatures by Alice E. Goudey, whose latest title is **"Here Come the Bees"** (Scribners, $2.50). And for an engrossing account of the huge and gentle beast whose name has become a synonym for great size, there is **"Jumbo,"** by Edmund Lindop, illustrated by Jane Carlson (Little, Brown, $2.75).

In fiction, authors often interpret animal motivation without departing from realism in the behavior of their characters. Margaret Wise Brown's **"Sneakers"** (Scott, $2.50) remains a little cat, and his antics are no less delightful for that reason. **"Chubby's First Year,"** by Flavia Ga'g (Holt, $1.95), a slight feline almanac for the youngest, presents such a real little kitten that one can only regret one picture of Chubby in jacket and hood and another of him sleeping in a human bed. In **"The Blind Colt"** (Holiday House, $2.95) Glen Rounds presents for older readers a moving story of a young animal compensating for a grave handicap. **"Wild Imp,"** by Beulah Karney (John Day, $3.50), though uneven in quality, graphically portrays the "gentling" of a wild horse; **"Polar Bear Brothers"** (Harper, $2.75) has a text by Crosby Newell that actually lives up to the superb pictures of Ylla; while **"The Fat Cat Pimpernel,"** by David E. Walker (Barnes, $2.50), tells entertainingly of a feud between a lovable, lazy cat and a brash blackbird. Even Mr. Popper's Penguins, despite the hilarious and somewhat improbable crises they cause, remain authentic penguins.

All of the above are realistic in varying degree. Yet, notwithstanding a recent tendency on the part of teachers, librarians, and editors to deplore the talking animal, he looms large among the storybook heroes beloved by children and remembered by adults. Even before it developed that dolphins can speak English better than humans can speak Dolphin, there could be no doubt of communication between animal and man, even on a "verbal" level. The begging whine of a puppy persuades his master to take him for a walk. The cat who weaves around a child's legs, the parakeet who walks up his arm and sits on his shoulder are most certainly communicating their appreciation of their human friends.

It is natural that every child with a pet (or without one, for that matter) should enlarge this communication in his imagination. The step is almost an extension of reality rather than of fantasy. Sometimes the story animals talk only to other animals, sometimes they talk to people as well. The success of the book seems to depend far less on whether they speak at all or to whom than on the quality of the writing through which they come to life.

—*From "Chubby's First Year."*

". . . a slight feline almanac."

A classic like Kenneth Grahame's "Wind in the Willows" makes no concessions to reality. Toad has a passion for driving motor-cars at top speed, gets into voluble trouble with the police, and talks the gaoler's daughter into helping him escape. In **"Rabbit Hill,"** by Robert Lawson (Viking, $3), animals read signs that people thoughtfully put up for their benefit. The amiable Pooh bursts into unbearlike song at the slightest provocation. (One must note that A.A. Milne avoided the charge of being unrealistic by starting out with stuffed animals.)

However, even in the most humanized animal stories, the animal retains some characteristic traits. Rudyard Kipling's unforgettable "Just-So Stories" give us the line, "I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me." In **"The Zoo Breaks Out,"** by Mira Lobe (Barnes, $2.50), one of this season's best animal fantasies, there is a recognizable *gestalt* in the irritable lion, who, shaking his mane, says:

> "All this moonlight makes me feel like roaring."
>
> "Well, roar if you want to," said his wife. "I shan't mind."
>
> "But other people will," said the lion. "You know what it's like when I roar. It makes everything shake."

Fantasies that go beyond this point (and plenty do) abandon any pretense of imaginative reality and present in effect human beings (usually feeble-minded) clad in feathers or furs. Any relationship between them and real animals is entirely coincidental. There are a depressing number of poorly-written, self-consciously "cute" pseudo-animal stories foisted upon a helpless child audience each year.

Fables and folk legends constitute a different kind of animal story. Here animals—often a personified character trait—are used to point a moral as well as to adorn a tale. In Reynard the Fox (and from Aesop on, the lion has been regal, the fox sly) we learn that heartlessness and duplicity result in humiliation and failure. On the other hand, Uncle Remus's Bre'r Rabbit, though the most timid and harmless of creatures, is a gay, mischievous character who consistently outwits the wily and strong. Bre'r Rabbit allows youngsters to glory in successful naughtiness—a theme which would probably not be approved

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—From "Lionel, the Lazy Lion."

. . . faulty balance.

if the protagonist were a child. Other stories present themes that might arouse anxiety if the characters were children. The Ugly Duckling's cruel rejection surely would be strong fare if the Ugly Duckling were instead a very little boy.

Animals as part of the world of nature, of home, of fantasy and wish, are all a legitimate and important experience for children. The very young, however, need to know real animals in life and in books before they can fully appreciate the many delightful animal heroes of fantasy and legend. And for the children animal stories, whether factual or fantastic, should be of high quality.

LIONEL, THE LAZY LION. *By Marty Everds. Illustrated by the author. Crowell.* 41 *pp.* $2.50. A story of a singularly unattractive lion which fails to achieve the delicate balance between animal and human behavior necessary for successful fantasy. Ages 4-7.

ANDY AND HIS FINE FRIENDS. *By Jane Thayer. Illustrated by Meg Wohlberg. Morrow.* 48 *pp.* $2.50. With extraordinary skill this book combines the imagined and the real. It is antidotal to the increasingly numerous tales in which there appear somewhat uncontrollable, magically contemporaneous, essentially irrelevant dinosaurs and dragons. The story is about a boy and a menagerie of pretend animals who accompany him through the day and at last, at his mother's suggestion, are sent back to their families for the night. Ages 4-8.

COME TO THE CIRCUS. *By Charles Philip Fox. Photographs by the author. Reilly & Lee.* 30 *pp.* $2.50. Ingenuous photographs and an easy-to-read text describe Barbara's and Peter's day at the circus. As simple as lemonade and quite as refreshing. Ages 4-8.

EMILE. *By Tomi Ungerer. Illustrated by the author. Harper.* 32 *pp.* $2.50. A whimsy about a brave and gallant octopus who among his other talents can quaff half-a-dozen toasts at once, a skill probably more appealing to adults than to children. For all its preposterousness, however, this skilfully written and illustrated book is amusing. Ages 5-8.

SIR ALVA AND THE WICKED WIZARD. *By Priscilla and Otto Friedrich. Illustrated by Talivaldis Stubis. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. Unpaged.* $2.75. Proving that not all fairy tales were written long ago, this gay little adventure is replete with princess, knight, and noble steed. Moreover, the wizard's ultimate reform brings about a happily-ever-after ending. Droll illustrations enhance the text. Ages 6-9.

AUGUSTUS AND THE RIVER. AUGUSTUS GOES SOUTH. AUGUSTUS AND THE MONTAINS. AUGUSTUS HELPS THE NAVY. *By Le Grand. Illustrated by the author. Grosset & Dunlap.* 128 *pp.* $1.50 *each.* What red-blooded, blue-blooded, or anemic American boy (or girl) would not enjoy the richly venturesome life of Augustus? First, on a Mississippi River houseboat, then in the bayous of Louisiana, and finally in the Kentucky mountains. (To this reviewer, "Augustus Helps the Navy," though a pardonable wartime excess in 1942, is anachronistic in 1960, with exuberance giving way to sheer incredibility.) Yet the hero of these tales is a child of a family that is economically and culturally "deprived" of everything but adventurousness, gaiety, humor, and devotion. Local color is truly local and colorful. It is a pleasure to have these books back in print. Ages 7-11.

—From "The Zoo Breaks Out."

"a recognizable *gestalt*."

A DOLL FOR LILY BELLE. *By Dorothea Snow. Illustrated by Nedda Walker. Houghton Mifflin.* 52 *pp.* $2.50. The accents and attitudes of Cumberland Mountain people are skilfully reproduced in this pleasant story of one girl's enterprise and its salubrious effect on her community. Like the text, the illustrations are sensitive and believable, and the book, though small, is quite satisfactory. Ages 8-11.

A DOG ON BARKHAM STREET. *By M. S. Stolz. Illustrated by Leonard Shortall. Harper.* 184 *pp.* $2.50. The distinction between this and other boy-wants-dog stories lies in its introduction of more complex and fully developed characters than are usually encountered in books for this age group. The various residents of Barkham Street are somewhat prone to introspection and the discussion of motivation, but the fault is forgivable because it is put to the service of a valid and perceptive story. Ages 8-12.

NUMBERS OLD AND NEW. THINGS THAT SPIN: From Tops to Atoms. *By Irving and Ruth Adler. Illustrated by Peggy Adler. John Day.* 48 *pp.* $2.19 each. These first two books in The Reason Why series should make good collateral reading for the school child who wonders. Assuming the existence of interest and ability, the authors present nuggets of information which are both fun to possess and capable of granting insight ("The people of [Babylonia] used to count things in groups of sixty. . . . We still use the sixty-in-a-group system when we measure time.") The many illustrations and diagrams are competent and contributory. Ages 8 up.

GRISHKA AND THE BEAR. *By René Guillot. Translated by Gwen Marsh. Illustrated by Joan Kiddell-Monroe. Criterion.* 115 *pp.* $2.75. Interesting detail about the primitive tribal ways of a people living in the somber, snowy land of northern Siberia marks this moving tale of a boy and his "little brother," Djidi, a black bear. Ages 9-12.

THIS WAS BRIDGET. *By Mary Malone. Illustrated by Robert Handville. Dodd, Mead.* 247 *pp.* $3. Although her plot is hardly distinguished (orphaned city girl resents, then comes to love small town to which she has had to move), the author treats her characters with dignity and understanding, which, combined with a tasteful style of writing, makes this a decidedly better-than-average novel for pre-teen-age girls. Ages 9-12.

INDIANS OF THE PLAINS. *By Eugene Rachlis, in consultation with John C. Ewers. Illustrated with paintings, prints, drawings, and photographs of the period. American Heritage Publishing Co. Distributed by Golden Press.* 152 *pp.* $3.50. Like others in this series, this distinguished book is well written, fully illustrated and documented. The story of the Plains In-

—From "Things that Spin."

". . . for the child who wonders."

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—*From "Don Quixote de la Mancha."*

". . . at a twentieth-century pace."

dians from prehistoric times to their inevitable tragic decline in the late nineteenth century is told with sympathy but without sentimentality. Ages 10 up.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. *Adapted by Leighton Barret from the story by Miguel de Cervantes. Illustrated by Warren Chapell. Knopf.* 307 *pp.* $3.50. This 1960 edition of a popular adaptation offers handsome new color plates. The old attractive format is otherwise unchanged, and Mr. Barret's story continues to clip along from one cudgeling to the next at a twentieth-century pace. The language is pithy and the action true to the bare bones of the Cervantes conception. Much will be the surprise of the reader, however, if and when he later comes upon a less truncated version and discovers what the story is really about. Possibly there are some young people today who will prefer the more leisurely pace of adaptations such as Judge Parry's "Don Quixote of the Mancha" (Dodd, Mead, 1954), in which the humor and wit of the interchanges between the Knight and his Squire are not totally lost. Ages 11 up.

Besides Mrs. Black, reviewers for this issue—all members of the faculty of Bank Street College—are Joan Winsor Blos of the Publications Department and Claudia Lewis of the Teacher Education and Research Departments.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Bonnivard, in "The Prisoner of Chillon," by Lord Byron. 2. "Moll Flanders," by Daniel Defoe. 3. Dr. Primrose, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Oliver Goldsmith. 4. Mrs. Bardell, in "Pickwick Papers," by Charles Dickens. 5. Captain Booth, in "Amelia," by Henry Fielding. 6. Lady Kit, in "Castle Rackrent," by Maria Edgeworth. 7. Sigismundo, in "Life Is a Dream," by Calderón. 8. Ernest Pontifex, in "The Way of All Flesh," by Samuel Butler. 9. Augustus S. F. X. Van Dusen, in "The Problem of Cell 13," by Jacques Futrelle. 10. Christian and Hopeful, in "The Pilgrim's Progress," by John Bunyan.

Fiction

Continued from page 23

vidow. In the end one marriage is rejuvenated and another is dissolved and happily replaced, but it is patently apparent, despite Miss Jaffe's richly evoked locale, that Rio is neither cause nor catharsis for her characters' dilemmas.

Assuredly, the author sets the stage with vivid descriptions of the physical Rio and some memorable glimpses of the interior of Brazil. With a sociologist's eye she reports on the mores of the wealthy Brazilians, bitterly contrasted with the abysmal poverty in Rio's *favelas*. She gives us a grasp of the poor-little-rich-girl expatriate lives of the listless, indifferent American wives. Her descriptions of Rio's annual carnival, relentlessly sweeping the entire city into its rhythm, brings that fanatic marathon vibrantly to life.

All this—and yet Rona Jaffe finds it unnecessary to take the time to create characters that will come to life in her landscapes. As it is, she cynically offers up a grab bag of stick figures in stock attitudes that barely qualify for a self-respecting soap opera.

—Lois Wagner Green.

NO LIFE FOR THE WISE: In Adda Tripp, the heroine of Joyce Engelson's first novel, **"Mountain of Villainy"** (Macmillan, $4.50), readers of women's magazine fiction will recognize the opposite side of a familiar coin. Adda, a thorough nymphet despite her twenty-eight years, sails through the *vie bohémienne* with all the glibness her slick sisters habitually bring to the problems of suburbia. Though Adda, and Miss Engelson's other people, are unrelievedly neurotic, artistic, and "witty," and though the New York they inhabit is far removed from the cozy acres of slickdom, the difference is, ultimately, incidental. What we have here is a hip variation on the theme of the well-scrubbed innocent coming gaily to terms with life and love.

Adda Tripp finds the adventure she seeks in the form of a part-time pervert and *bon vivant* named Olaf Solon. Since she has spent her childhood at the worldly feet of her Uncle Tosh (at a tender age she watched with rapt attention as he made love behind the family refrigerator), she is prepared for Olaf's literary allusions, his "weirdie" friends, and his suggestion that they live together, but shaken when she learns that life with Olaf does not include sex with Olaf: he is a rather passive sensualist. Eventually she does bring him to bed and to a marriage proposal, only to lose him to another adventuress.

Badly hurt, disillusioned with her education and Uncle Tosh, Adda falls for a young philosophy teacher who talks with the same frenzy of reference, rhyme, and innuendo common to all of Miss Engelson's characters, but who, luckily, has marked leanings toward a rudimentary sort of decency, and starts her on the road to rehabilitation.

Miss Engelson's book is, I'm afraid, both pretentious and "cute," and obscures what may well be a true comic gift in favor of mere smartness. She seems to be saying that decadence is no life for the wise, but the point gets lost beneath an endless pitter-patter of quippery, with the characters forever telling each other how clever and interesting they are, and the reader only wishing it were so. —Barry Spacks.

Criminal Record

THE MURDER OF CHARLES THE GOOD, COUNT OF FLANDERS. *By Galbert of Bruges. Translated by James Bruce Ross. Columbia University Press.* $6.75. First rendition into English of on-the-spot account of assassination that had important influence on future events is lively narrative even though killing took place on March 2, 1127; translator's detailed introduction establishes setting, identities, consequences vividly.

GIVE THE BOYS A GREAT BIG HAND. *By Ed McBain. Simon & Schuster.* $2.95. Fragments of dead male baffle Detective Steve Carella and squadmates but keeping everlastingly at it wins through. Fine straight detection job.

THE MAN IN THE CAGE. *By John Holbrook Vance. Random House.* $2.95. Yank engineer explores Moroccan hinterland in search for younger brother running guns to Algerian rebels; meets mixed bag of strangers in Tangier; violence flares. Fine, assured handling, with excellent scenery.

EPITAPH FOR A TRAMP. *By David Markson. Dell.* 25¢. Erring spouse of Harry Fannin, Manhattan peeper, dies on his doorstep; tough characters block road to justice. Packs a punch.

A BORDERLINE CASE. *By Brad Williams. Mill-Morrow.* $2.95. 104-year-old California dowager (Mexican countess) is murdered; Monk Dexter, L.A. newshawk, learns all about Maximilian, his consort, other historical figures. Slow motion with terminal speedup.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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The Presidency

Continued from page 13

partisanship to promote his foreign policy during the war (as the appointments of Stimson and Knox would indicate). He was determined that the new peace organization should not be organically linked to any peace treaty, and so he launched the United Nations before it could become entangled in international controversy. Like Wilson, Roosevelt became a beacon of hope, a symbol of victory to millions of people throughout the world. He knew how to express the aspirations and dreams of the common man, and this unique ability enabled him to galvanize vast multitudes on seven continents into an effective force on behalf of the cause of freedom.

Harry S. Truman, whom destiny catapulted into the Presidency, also played the role of world leader. He was one of the few Presidents who had both an intuitive and an intellectual understanding of the nature of the executive office, and he zealously guarded its prerogatives. With bold and imaginative strokes, he met the challenges that crowded in upon the nation. The list is an impressive one: the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, NATO, the Point Four Program, the containment of aggression in Korea.

A look at these four men shows that there is no common denominator in terms of educational background, personality, or systems of beliefs. And we would also find this true if we examined those other Chief Executives who, to a greater or lesser extent, fulfilled the role of world leadership. Theodore Roosevelt was as different from Eisenhower as Wilson was from Harry Truman. Is there not, then, any yardstick that can be applied to leadership in this area? Some qualities remain constant, whether in the domestic or the world scene: a shrewd sense of party politics, an intuitive insight into the dynamics of public opinion at home and abroad, a forceful personality, integrity, courage, and energy. The President as world leader must also possess an appreciation of the nation's tradition, an understanding of the perplexities of the present, and a discerning awareness of the revolutionary nature of the tasks that lie ahead.

But whatever a future President's strengths and weaknesses, he will henceforth be unable to evade his responsibilities as a world leader. It is a role that has been assigned to him by history, a role that demands that we rethink our traditional views of the Presidency. Out of this, I hope, will emerge an assessment that takes into account the new expectations and requirements for the office of the Presidency.

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(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 41)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1378

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. A frozen dessert, a gelatin salad, a puree of meat — all involving whipped cream.

B. Rubber stamp with a facsimile autograph.

C. Introducing the Witches' incantations in "Macbeth" (2 wds.).

D. Gives outright, esp. a large permanent sum.

E. Lose flesh; renounce allegiance (2 wds.).

F. Surpassed in foresight or insight.

G. Place where the tomb of Dante may be seen, also Lord Byron's house.

H. Theology's term for one's state when unregenerate.

I. Meaning of the dandelion (4 wds.).

J. Any gear not a yoke, for a draft animal.

K. Dutch family of printers and type founders, 17th-18th cents.

L. In criminal law, some deed done in carrying out some design, the design alone not being punishable (2 wds.).

WORDS

176 168 123 52 69 127

170 39 155 131 115 207 183 92 174

152 23 34 15 202 189 76 49 154 190 198

141

192 143 36 145 121 77

105 206 156 101 46 32 132 31

2 83 41 166 120 68

119 59 196 100 50 72 162

14 129 97 111 17 188 26 118 159

106 204 33 48 144 122 160 200 99 16 7

142 29 126

58 11 75 163 43 65 98

6 103 45 86 95 179 73 191

151 128 197 94 70 88 164 28

DEFINITIONS

M. Easily set in motion; excessively talkative.

N. Slipped away.

O. Pink or purple variety of garnet, a gem.

P. Carousers.

Q. Below, spatially or physically.

R. Loose overcoat with large sleeves, named for British lord.

S. Through the "arches" of these, Francis Thompson fled the "Hound of Heaven."

T. Approachably.

U. Agent of the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot, England 1604-5.

V. Stories.

W. Satan.

X. Shamefully.

Y. What "They shut . . . seventy years ago" in Kipling's poem (4 wds., 2nd wd. colloq. sp.).

WORDS

133 67 194 18 80 35 102

91 42 110 116 4 37

107 137 185 172 38 147 20 84 114

153 54 140 112 53 82 193 74 124 173

64 63 125 134 178 139 21 96 184 167

130 187 60 146 157 55

85 13 138 30 1

117 57 136 165 22 27 51 40 182 199

24 135 169 205 8 44

79 113 104 108 10 177

180 61 5 25 175 89 93 3 148

62 90 66 150 9 181 109

161 203 71 158 19 186 171 201 12 87 81

149 78 195 56 47

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 S	2 F	3 W	4 N		5 W	6 K	7 I	8 U	9 X	10 V	11 J	12 Y	13 S	14 H	
15 C	16 I	17 H	18 M	19 Y	20 O	21 Q	22 T		23 C	24 U		25 W	26 H	27 T	28 L	29 I	30 S
31 E		32 E	33 I	34 C	35 M	36 D		37 N	38 O	39 B	40 T	41 F	42 N	43 J	44 U	45 K	
46 E	47 Y	48 I	49 C	50 G	51 T	52 A	53 P		54 P	55 R	56 Y		57 T	58 J	59 G	60 R	61 W
62 X	63 Q		64 Q	65 J		66 X	67 M	68 F		69 A	70 L	71 Y	72 G	73 K	74 P	75 J	76 C
77 D		78 Y	79 V		80 M	81 Y	82 P	83 F	84 O	85 S		86 K	87 Y	88 L	89 W	90 X	91 N
	92 B	93 W	94 L	95 K	96 Q	97 H	98 J		99 I	100 G	101 E	102 M	103 K		104 V	105 E	
106 I	107 O	108 V	109 X		110 N	111 H		112 P	113 V	114 O	115 B	116 N	117 T	118 H	119 G	120 F	
121 D	122 I	123 A	124 P	125 Q		126 I	127 A	128 L	129 H	130 R		131 B	132 E	133 M	134 Q		135 U
	136 T	137 O	138 S	139 Q	140 P	141 C		142 I	143 D		144 I	145 D	146 R	147 O	148 W	149 Y	150 X
151 L	152 C		153 P	154 C	155 B		156 E	157 R	158 Y	159 H		160 I	161 Y	162 G	163 J	164 L	165 T
166 F		167 Q	168 A	169 U	170 B	171 Y	172 O		173 P	174 B	175 W	176 A	177 V		178 Q	179 K	180 W
181 X	182 T	183 B		184 Q	185 O		186 Y	187 R	188 H	189 C		190 C	191 K	192 D	193 P		194 M
195 Y	196 G	197 L	198 C	199 T		200 I	201 Y		202 C	203 Y	204 I	205 U		206 E	207 B		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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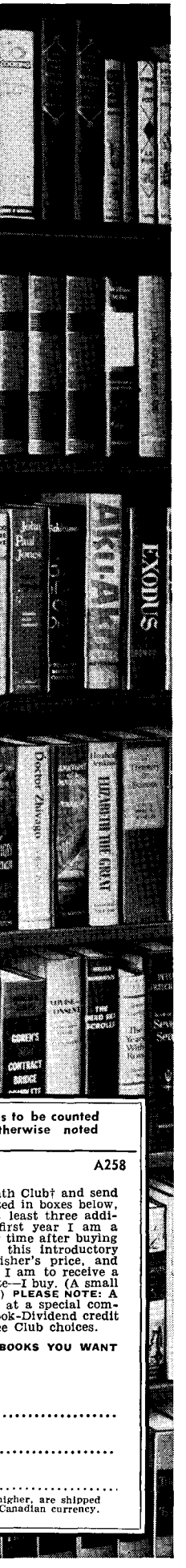

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